



CRACKED

COLLECTORS' EDITION

BEST MOVIE SATIRES OF THE 80's

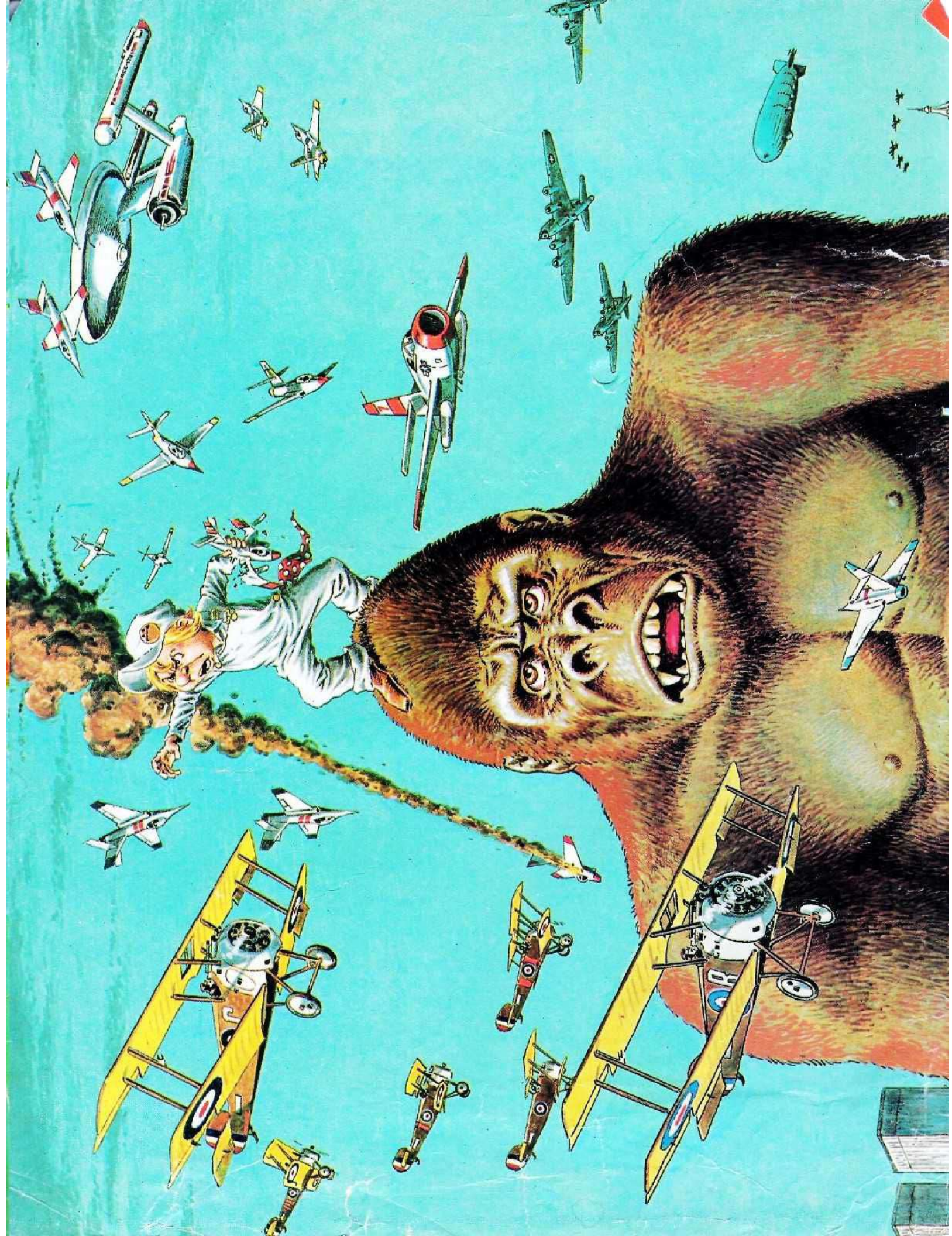
FEBRUARY 1986 \$1.25

NO. 65 (F) 06257



★ SUPERMAN
★ STAR TREK
★ INDIANA JONES

★ CLOSE ENCOUNTERS
★ RAIDERS of the LOST ARK
★ E.T. ★ JAWS ★ MORE!



MOVIE BLOCKBUSTERS

THE GREATEST FILMS OF THE DECADE



PLUS KING KONG POSTER

PAUL LAMONT
Editor-in-Chief

EDEN NORAH
Associate Editor

MEL UNGER
Art Director

ARTISTS & WRITERS: The Zanist Gang in the World

Morning. 1936. Archeologist Indian Bones and a single guide (although, on America entering a heavily booby-trapped ancient temple to try to

Indian! Poisonous tarantulas! They're all over us! Hundreds of them! Looks like we're gamers—and it's only the first 30 seconds of this movie.

Relax. Minor problem. I'll just pulverize them all with my whip.

NO!

Cry baby. O.K., I'll spray you with a hit of this.

Tarantulas! Falling rocks! Hidden spears! Is this piece we're after that valuable?

I don't know. I just sort of flew down here because I had a day off from work and didn't feel like doing the laundry.

THOMP!

Ugh! I'll remember that!

THOCK!

Uh oh. A huge rock is rolling after me. Now I know how the ten pin at my bowling alley feels.

RUMBLE! RUMBLE!

Whew. Free.

Afraid not. I'll take the nose if you don't mind.

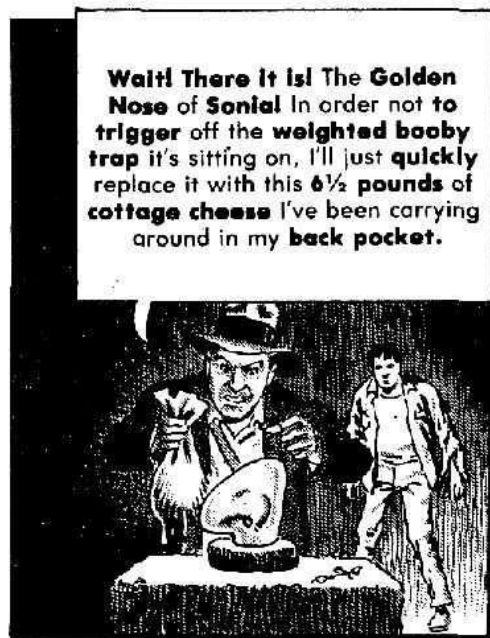
Bellyache! This is the third time you've taken what I rightfully earned.

Just think of me as a sort of Internal Revenue Service.

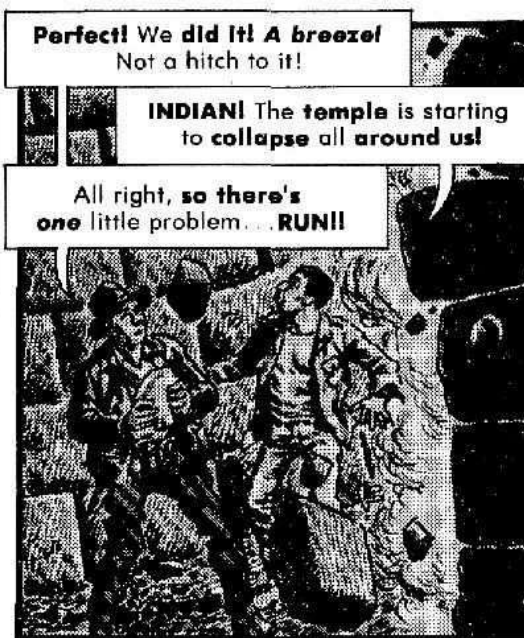
On the other hand, we do. Oh, true, this is how the smash hit film of the However, for us, we sort of sat there going, "Come on! I can't really believe ourselves in as one of the millions praising this film from start to finish. we guess our minor dislike for this flick sort of puts us in the minority and

TRAITORS OF

the other hand, he *could* have been married) were out in the jungle of South gain possession of an important lost treasure. Suddenly...



Wait! There it is! The Golden Nose of Sonia! In order not to trigger off the weighted booby trap it's sitting on, I'll just quickly replace it with this 6½ pounds of cottage cheese I've been carrying around in my back pocket.



Perfect! We did it! A breeze! Not a hitch to it!

INDIAN! The temple is starting to collapse all around us!

All right, so there's one little problem... RUN!!



Careful of that light.

Why?

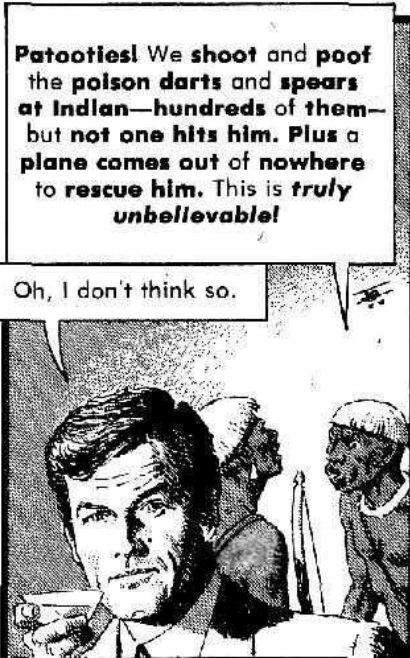
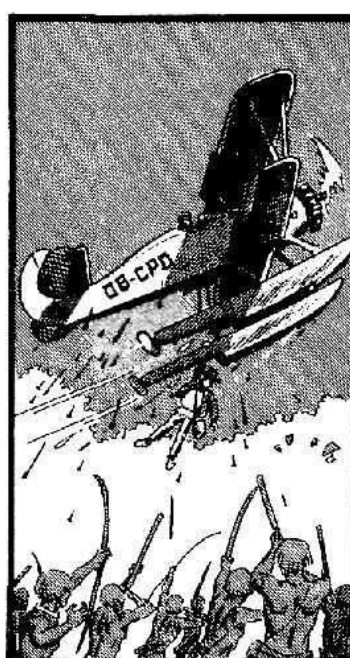
If you stand in its rays like that you'll wind up with a spear in your back.



And now that you've had an ample 75 seconds to catch your breath—Natives! After him!



Whoo! Something tells me these guys aren't out to just play tag. BUGLOW! THE PLANE! GET THE PLANE!!



Patooties! We shoot and poof the poison darts and spears at Indian—hundreds of them—but not one hits him. Plus a plane comes out of nowhere to rescue him. This is truly unbelievable!

Oh, I don't think so.

summer begins--with action at breakneck speed--and audiences love it. that! It can't be!" And although we were entertained, we just can't count For us, too much is left unexplained, stretching our believability. Oh well, makes us seem in the eyes of everyone else who loves it like...

THE LOST ARK



I'm sorry to take you away from your class, but **two members of army intelligence** are here to see you. **Gentlemen**, meet **Indian Bones**, university professor and archeologist.

Archeologist?

Yes, I'm very interested in old relics.

Ahh. Then perhaps you'd be interested in **dating my spinster sister**.

Excuse his **rapler wlt**. **Tanis** is where the ark is **believed** to have been **buried**. As to what it **actually is**, we **only know** that it's **something magical**, having **great power and wealth**.

Plus we've heard it's **lots of fun to play with** when you **take a bath**.

Who has this medallion?

Marryin' Cravenswood. **Thirteen years ago** I told her I'd **pick her up at noon** to go to a **movie**. If she **hasn't given up hope** and is still waiting for me to get there, there's a **possibility** I can locate her.

Good. Then it's **off to Nepal** to get the **medallion**.

Major Eaton!

Sorry. The **reason** we're **here** is because we **believe** that the Nazis are about to **recover** the **lost ark**.

My gosh, Mucous. That means the **Germans** have located **Tanis**.

What's Tanis?

SKULL CAP.

A game you play with two rackets and a ball.

Indian, you've got to find that ark first.

Well, to do **that** I'll need the **golden medallion headpiece** that's placed on a staff that's used in the Tanis map room. When the sun hits the crystal in the center of the medallion it tells exactly where the ark is buried.

I'm a bit confused.

And you've already read the script **six times!** Imagine how **they're feeling** out there!



Look at that. An arrow tracing where Indian is going. What a clever device. It's a major step in cinema.

I'll say. It brings movies right up into the 1940's.

Marryin'! I'm here for our date.

Datel?! That was 13 years ago. What took you so long to get here?

I got hung up in traffic.

But there's only one other car in all Nepal!

Shows you what a single slow moving vehicle driving in front of you can do.

O.K. The truth. I'm here to get that medallion your father found. I need it. I'll give you \$3000 for it, plus you can still have the flowers I originally bought for our date.

Come back tomorrow.

Why?

It'll give me time to think about your proposition—and also give time for him to torture me.

So, you don't know where the medallion is. Perhaps if I use this you will.

No thanks. I don't smoke.

You will when I press this against you.

Tohto!

SNAP!

Did you see the way he used that whip?!? Boy, is that unbelievable!

Not as unbelievable as our boss, Tohto, who's grabbing for the medallion smoldering in a 1400° fire.

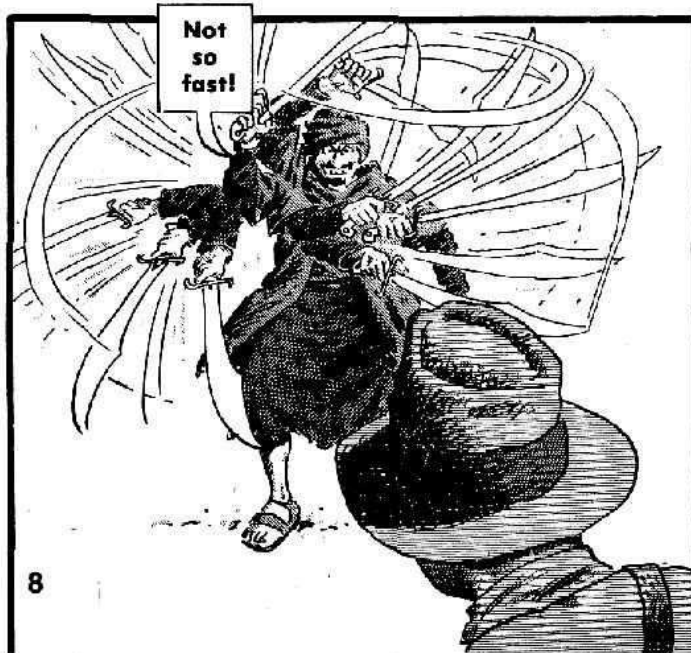
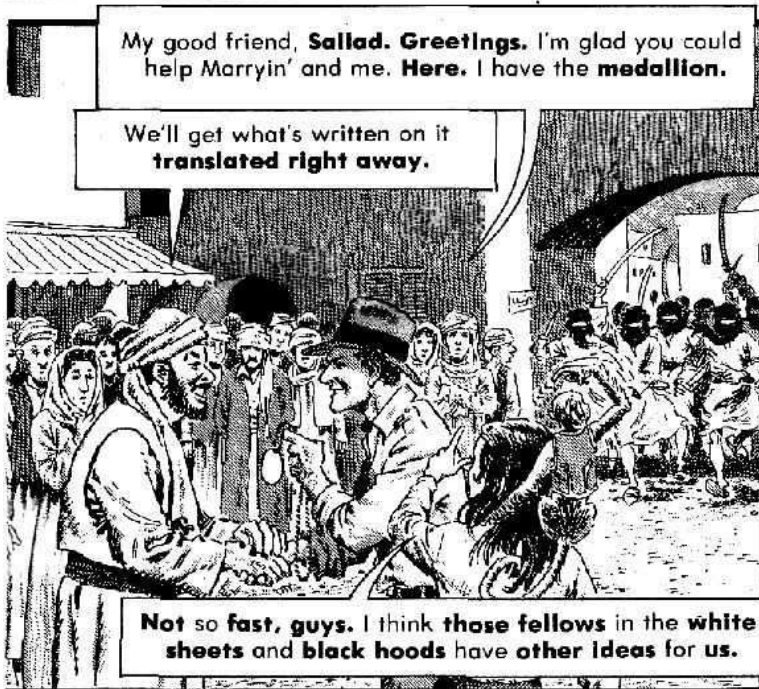
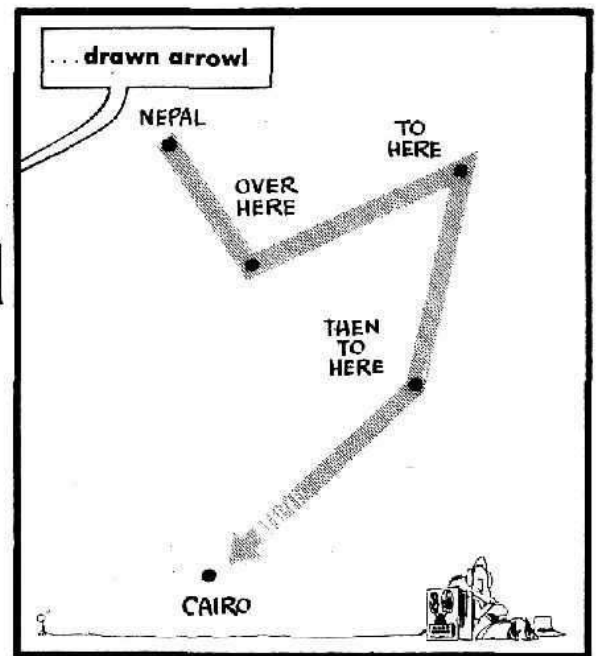
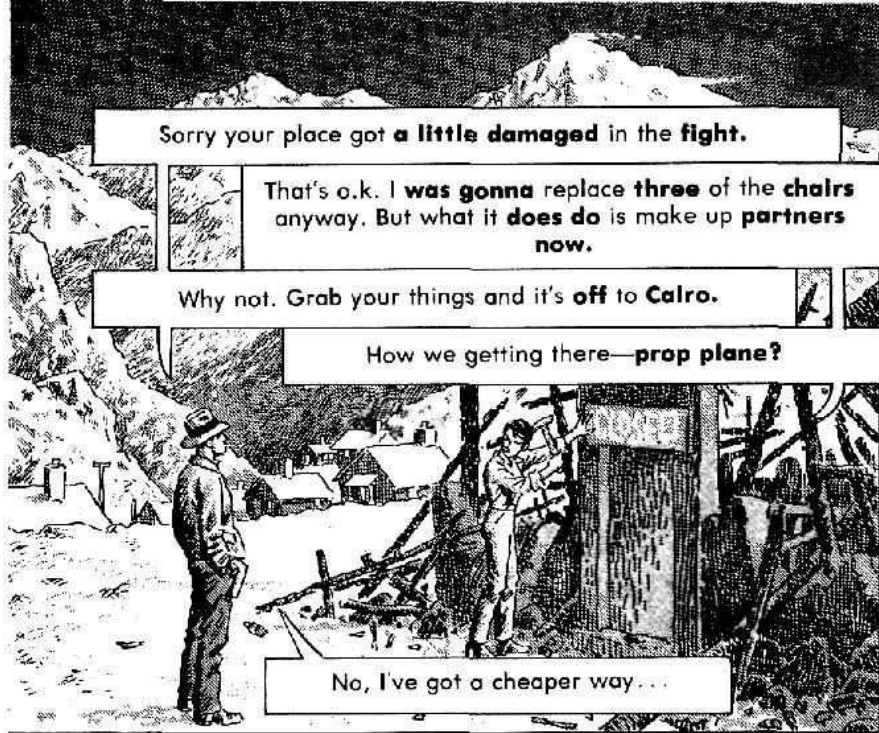
Yeah. Well, what about that—the same medallion that scorched Tohto, Marryin' is able to pick up with just a nylon scarf.

That's heroism!

That's courage!

That's a lot of bunk!





Oh nol Marryin'! She was in the back of that truck and now she's... (sob cry)

No, she isn't. You know movie heroines never die in the middle of the picture. You'll find her, later on, safe and sound.

Thanks a lot, Sallad! This is the first flick I've been able to cry over something that didn't shed and you gotta ruin it.



My friend translated the medallion for you and this is where the ark is.

Excellent. We should find it anytime. Now dig!

I am. Only, I don't understand how we're able to dig out in the open, silhouetted like this, and still remain undetected by the Germans?



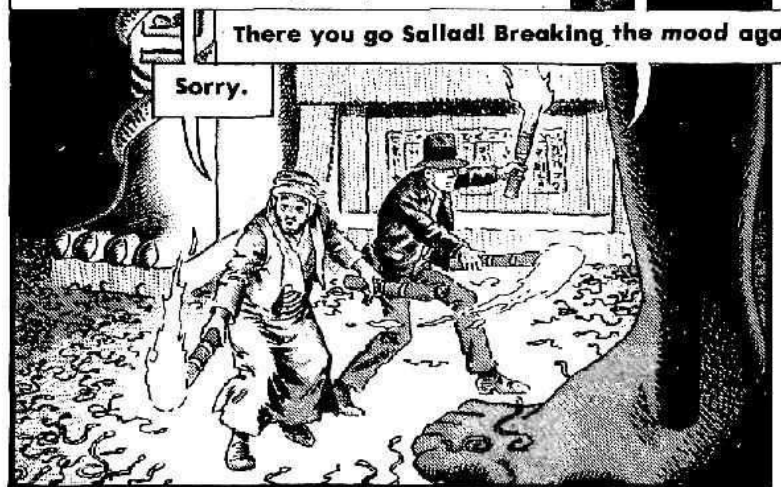
Well, the sun is bright... the men are tired...

And the director is standing on the other side of the set yelling "Look over here! Not over there where they're digging!"



There it is, Sallad! The ark! Now there's nothing to stop us from getting it except... AHH!! SNAKES!! I HATE SNAKES!

Relax. Only 400 of them are real. The other 8000 are pieces of linguini painted black.



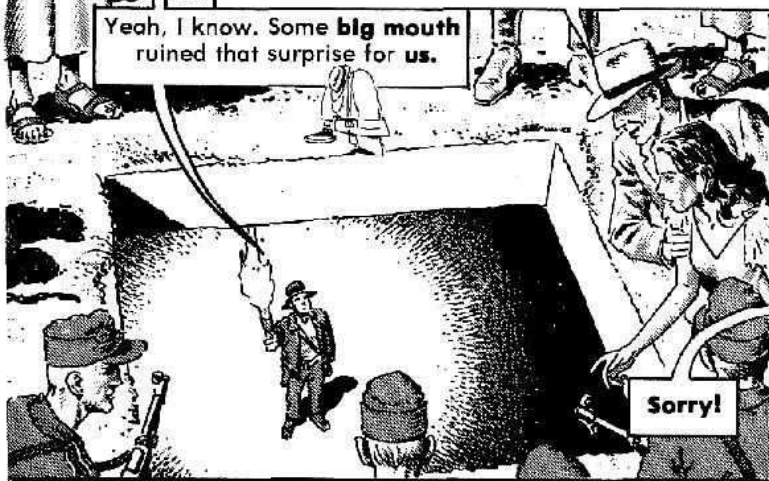
There you go Sallad! Breaking the mood again!

Sorry.

We did it! We have the ark!

Not exactly, Indian. Once again, I am taking what you have found. But, as an even exchange, I'll toss Marryin' down. She really didn't die in that truck explosion.

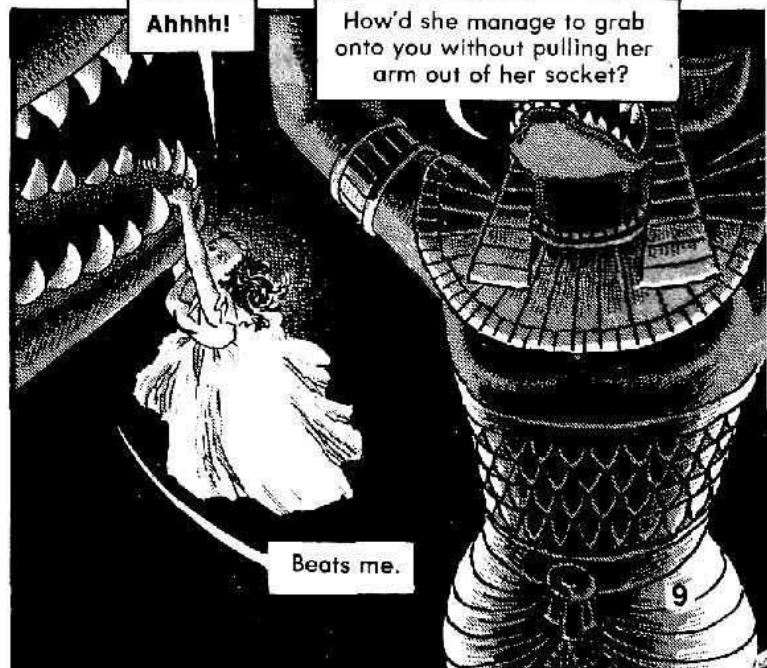
Yeah, I know. Some big mouth ruined that surprise for us.



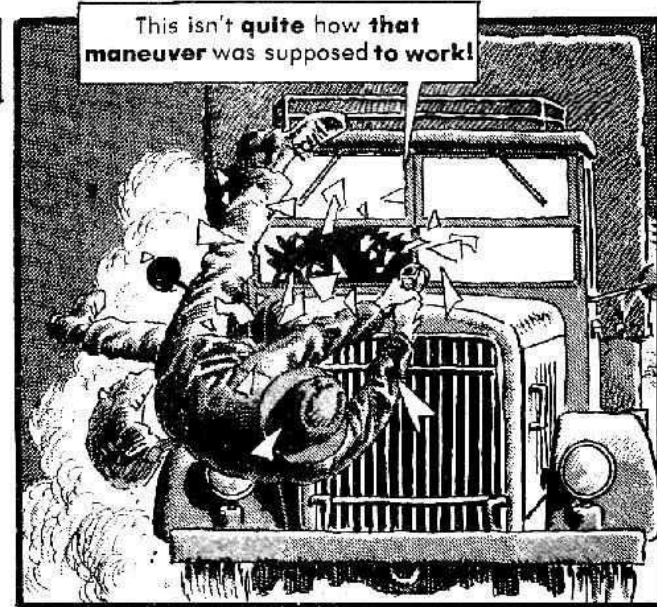
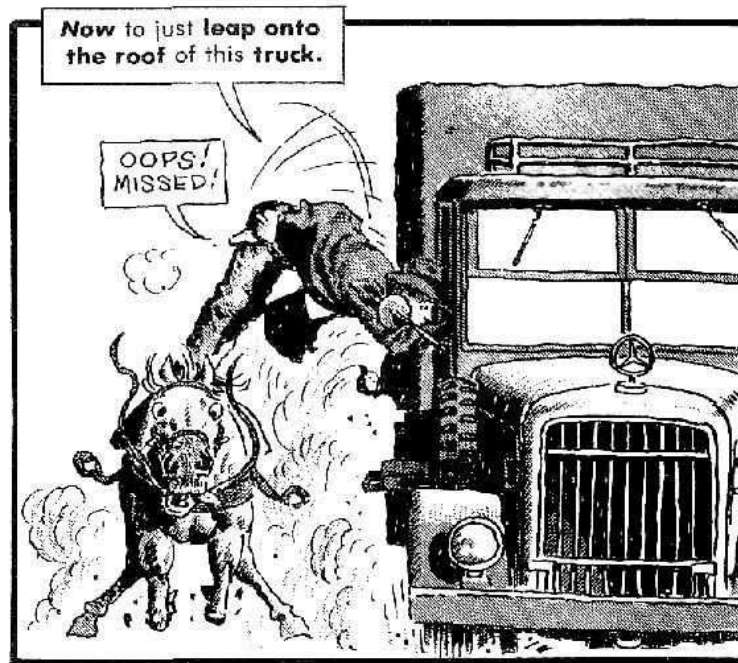
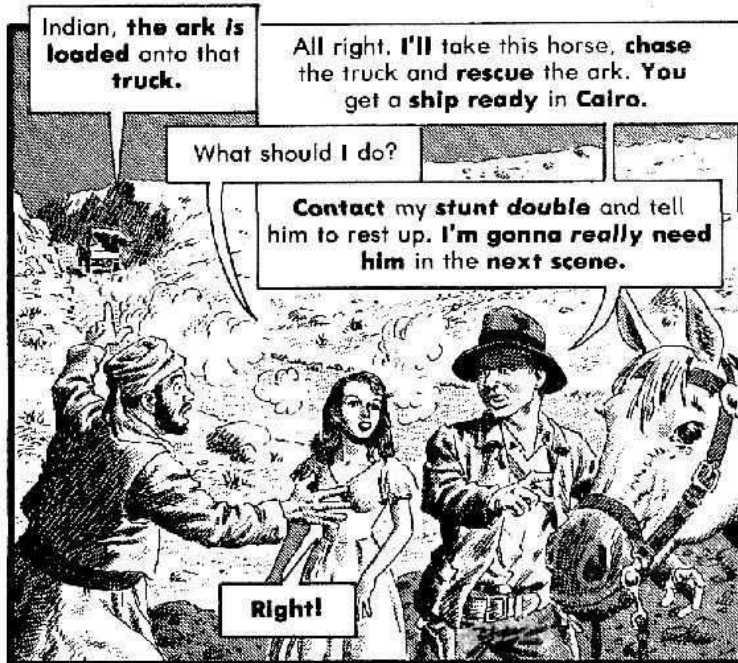
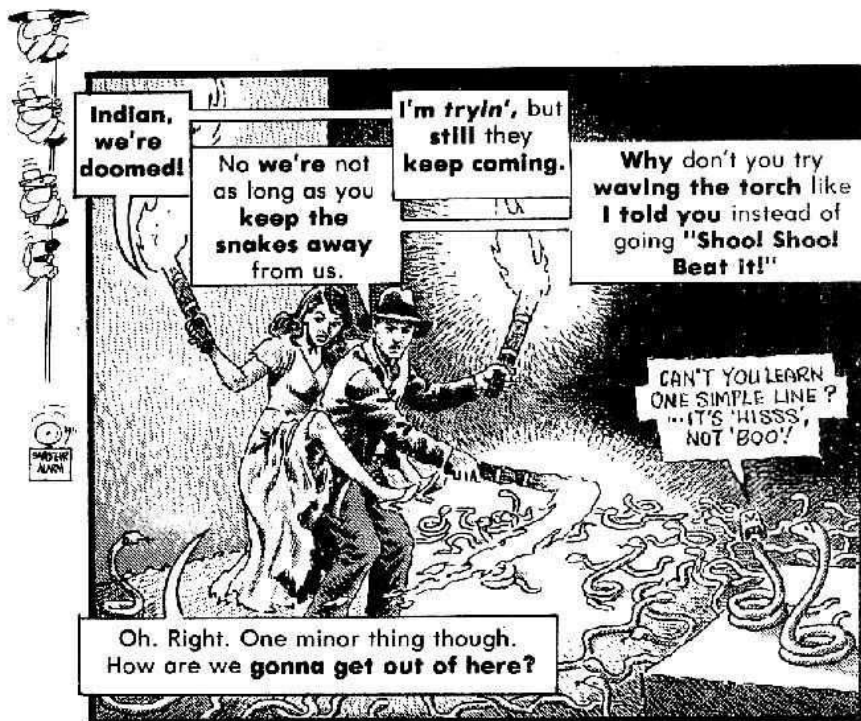
Sorry!

Ahhhh!

How'd she manage to grab onto you without pulling her arm out of her socket?



Beats me.



Look at that! Despite **being shot** in the arm and **losing 3 pints** of blood a minute, **he's working** his way **under the truck**.

While he's there, maybe he can **repair** that **rear axle** leak we've been having.

Come on Toht! We don't want to make this scene **unbelievable**.



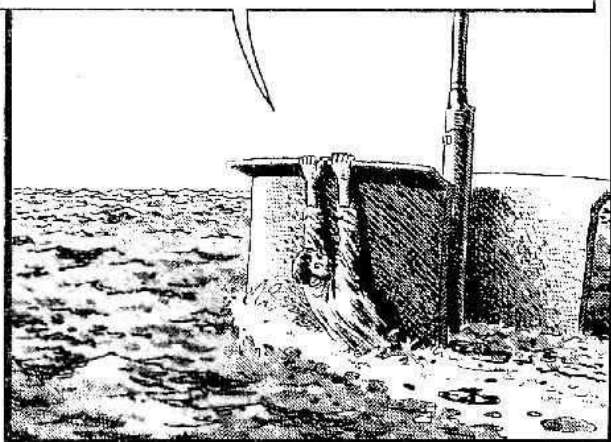
Look! Now he's **shinning** himself back onto the truck via his whip.

is that possible?

Perhaps, but *that's* nothing. Once he gets back into the truck, he's gonna **hijack it**, meet up with the ship **Sallad** gets for him and **board** that. **However**, seconds later, one of our submarines will **stop** the ship and take the **ark** and **Marryin'**.



That's right. And to **keep track** of where the submarine is going, I'll **merely hang** onto the **outside** of it for **1600 miles**. I **just hope** it doesn't **submerge**. I haven't mastered **breath control** too good yet.



So you **insisted** on following us **everywhere**. **Very well**. I have **the two** of you. Tie them to a stake.



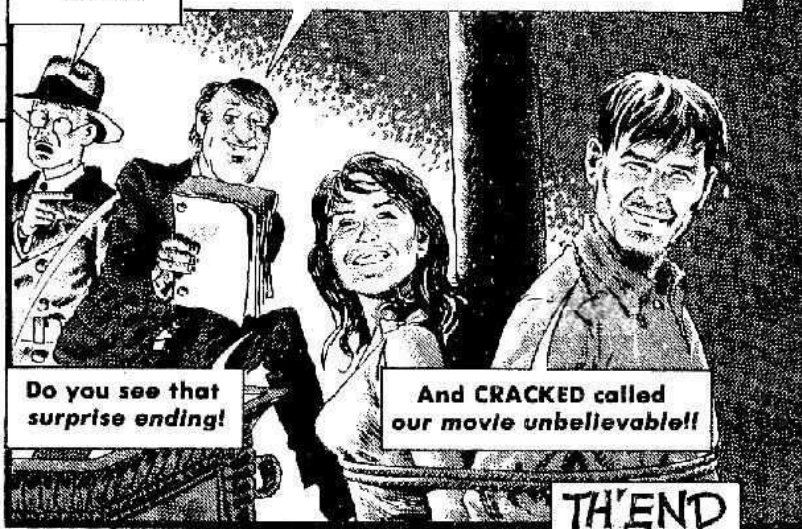
And **now** to open the ark and find out what thing of **great power** is inside. It's **supposed** to have the **uncanny ability** to make **everything** it comes in contact with **extremely wealthy**. **Well?** ... Come on? Is it open?

My gosh! You won't believe it. **Inside is... is...**



... The **next script** for the **Raiders'** series!

O.K. Indian. Here's your next **Raiders** script. The **sequel** is good for another **300 million** and you'll get **10%**.



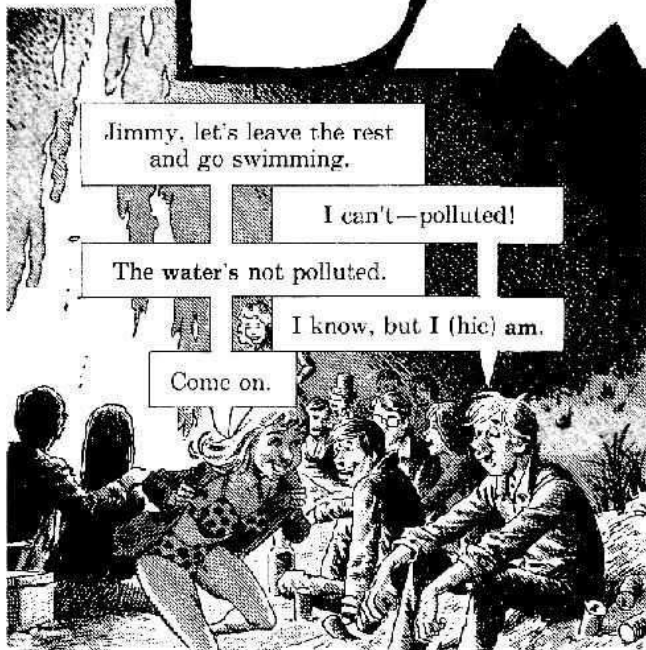
Do you see that **surprise ending**!

And **CRACKED** called our movie **unbelievable**!

TH'END

Every so often a movie comes along that needs no introduction. Unfortunately, the **CRACKED** satire of it does and so we've gotta kill a few inches of space. Someone asked us what the movie was about—well, without giving too much of it away, it's about two hours. O.K., that looks like enough of an intro, so without further ado, get ready to sink your teeth into this newest parody from movieland entitled

JAWZ



Jimmy, let's leave the rest and go swimming.

I can't—polluted!

The water's not polluted.

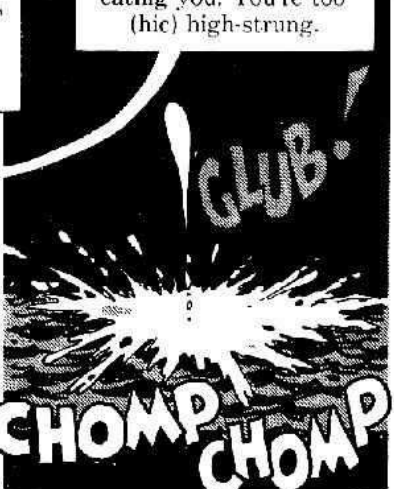
I know, but I (hic) am.

Come on.

How's the (hic) water?

It's biting cold, but I ... Ahh!!
SOMETHING'S GOT ME BY THE TOE—
SOMETHING'S EATING ME!

Something's always (hic) eating you. You're too (hic) high-strung.



You the one who called about a missing girlfriend?

Yes, Sheriff.

Well son, good news and bad news. The bad news is we found her bathing suit.

So, what's the good news?



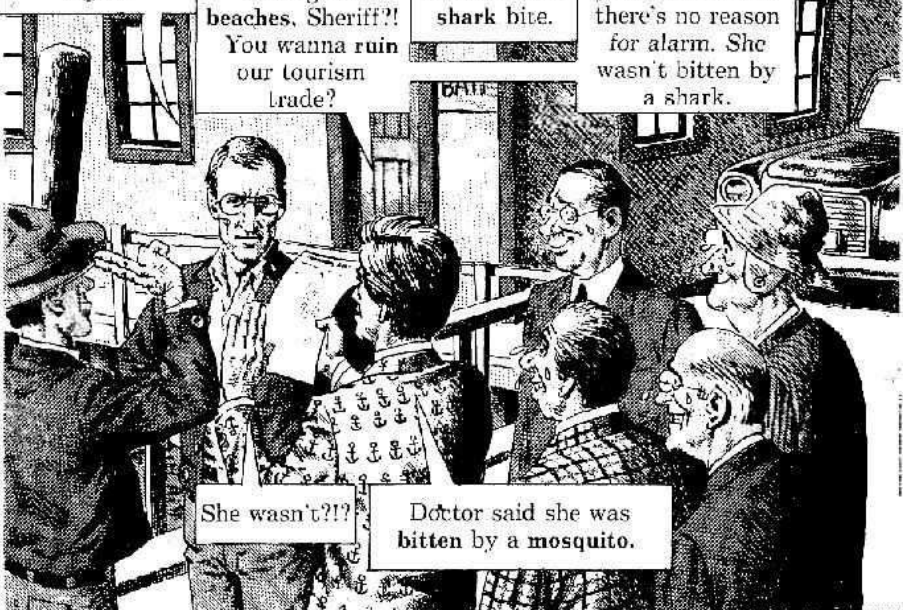
The bathing suit's not chewed up!

Hendrix, go to the shed and get out the "Beach Closed" signs.

Wait! What's all this about closing the beaches, Sheriff?? You wanna ruin our tourism trade?

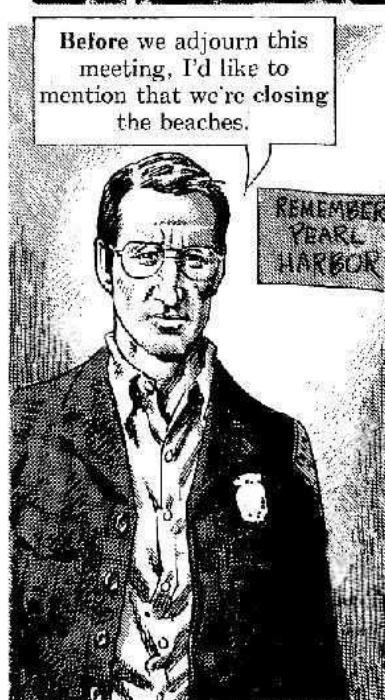
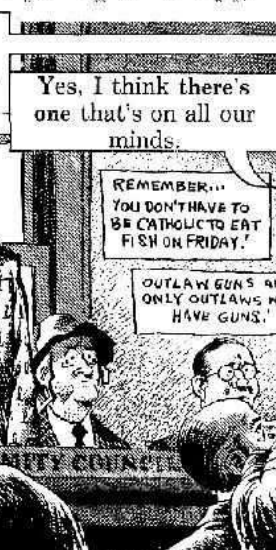
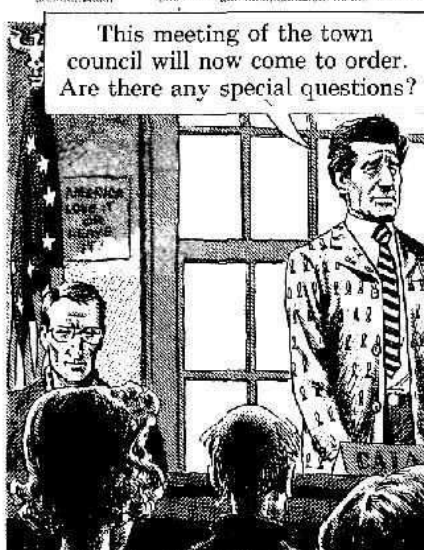
We found a girl this morning and we think she died of a shark bite.

Well, the coroner's report just came in and there's no reason for alarm. She wasn't bitten by a shark.



She wasn't??!

Doctor said she was bitten by a mosquito.



NEVER BITE
OFF MORE
THAN YOU
CAN CHEW!

Everyone is nuts! They actually demanded that the beaches be kept open. But from now on, until this shark is caught, neither you or the kids are goin' in the water. AND THAT INCLUDES YOU TOO, MIKEAL! I WANT YOU OUT OF THE WATER THIS MINUTE!!

But
Dad...

... I'm only
in the
bathtub!

What's all
the
commotion?

Everyone is goin' out for
the \$3,000 shark bounty.

I'm Mott Hoople from the
Oceanographic Institute.
You called about a shark.

Yes we did.

No! Wait! We
have a shark
already! What
we want to do is
get RID of it!!

Oh!... I'm
sorry, but we
don't accept
returns after
7 days.

This boat is over-loaded.
I believe in safety, so one
of you has got to get out!

Well, we've got a fine
line. Here is our
\$48.00 model—it'll
grow up to be a big
bugger—and here...

Sheriff, they got the
shark! They're
posing with it over
there for the
reporters!

See,
Sheriff.
Our
worries are
over!

Could everyone just
move a little closer to
the big guy in the
middle. ... That's it.

After examining
the remains of
the first victim.
I'm afraid,
Sheriff, this may
not be the same
shark.

How can
you tell?

The teeth give
it away. This
one has
dentures!!

To be sure, though, we have to cut it open. It takes 24 hours for them to digest, so the boy would still be inside.

What about the raft?

Certainly!

Great! We find that, and I can get Mrs. Kitner off my back.

Well, this was everything I found inside his stomach and there's no boy. It's definitely the wrong shark.

What a waste!

Not really. Look at the neat pair of galoshes I found.

And the shark scare is definitely over, Mayor?

Oh yes. Our beaches are 100% safe.

Of course our waters may still contain a hazard or two.

Squint, we're taking you up on your offer—\$10,000 to catch the great white. But me and Hoople, here, have got to go along.

Can you tie knots?

Sheriff! A shark just ate Mr. Tiber.

Can we tie knots?! I used to be a boy scout.

Unfortunately, my specialty was campfires.

What's all that stuff you're bringing?

Harpoons, ropes, guns, sonar devices...

What's that?

That's an anti-shark cage.

What makes it anti-shark?

After it's lowered into the water, I hang out this sign.

SHARKS
UNWELCOME

All right, Booty. Throw out this fresh blood and these small fish so we can attract the shark.

Hoople says we don't have to. He has a better method of luring the great white to our boat.

Are the scales on my fins straight?

I feel something tugging on this line. Quick, help me reel 'er in.

SPLOSH

Hey, you ain't no shark!

And you ain't the Starkist people either. Let me go.

Oh well. We'll get the great white tomorrow. For tonight, let's just relax and compare scars. I got this big one here from catching a 200' whale.

That's nothing. I got this scar from tangling with a mad guppy.

What about you Sheriff? How'd you get that big gash on your back?

I told my wife I wouldn't take out the garbage and she threw it at me.

BY THE WAY... I AM NOT GEO. C. SCOTT'S YOUNGER BROTHER!

Sorry, Charlie.

What's that banging?!

It's the great white and no wonder we couldn't find him. Is he ever clever.

Why?

THUMP
THUMP

He disguised himself as a flounder!!

Squint, you've burned out the boat's engines and the shark has 20 harpoons in him, but he's still alive. Let me try. All I have to do is give him 200 cc's of this Strychnine.

You're gonna attempt to shoot that into his body?

Don't be ridiculous! I have to put a tablespoonful in his mouth! You'll have to lower me in my cage.

Cool it! Can't you read the sign!!!

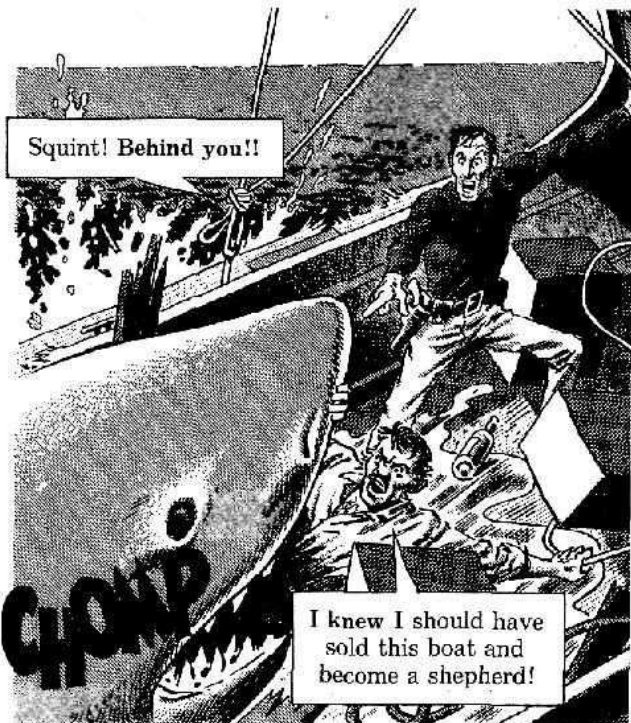
KACHUNG



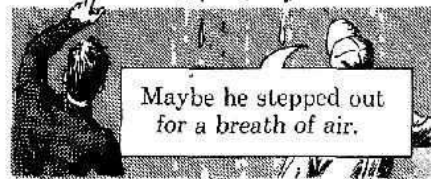
There's a lot of movement going on down there. Quick, let's bring Hoople's cage up.



It's empty!! What could have happened!?!



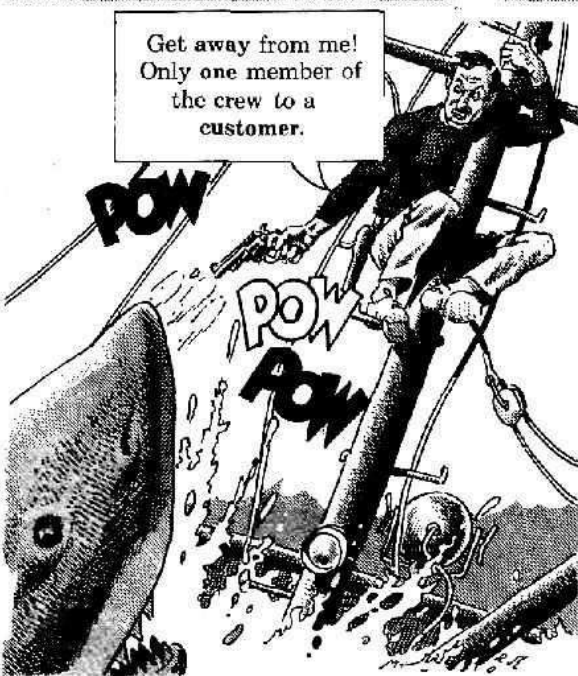
Squint! Behind you!!



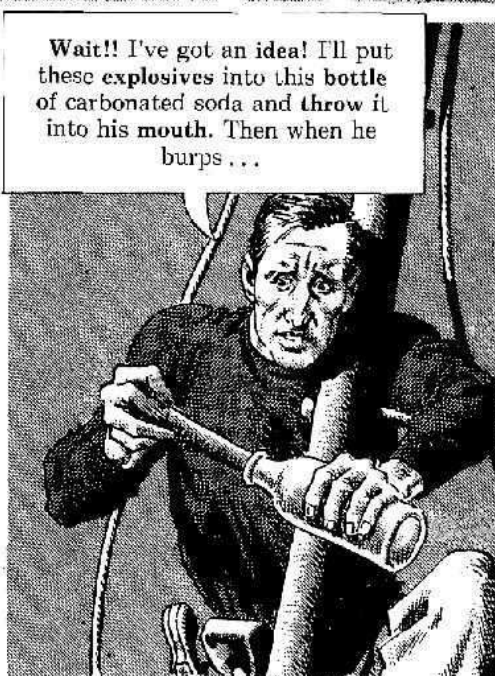
Maybe he stepped out for a breath of air.



I knew I should have sold this boat and become a shepherd!



Get away from me! Only one member of the crew to a customer.

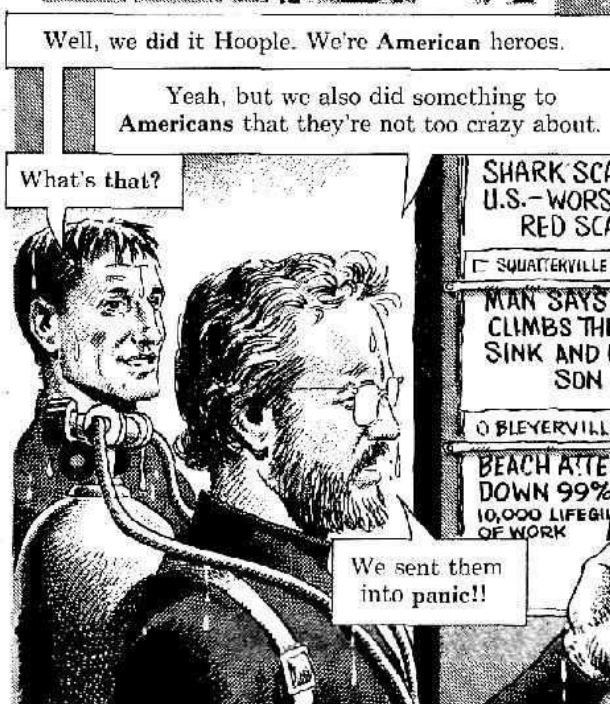


Wait!! I've got an idea! I'll put these explosives into this bottle of carbonated soda and throw it into his mouth. Then when he burps...



We got the shark!

We know. The whole town is still scraping his remains off their windows.



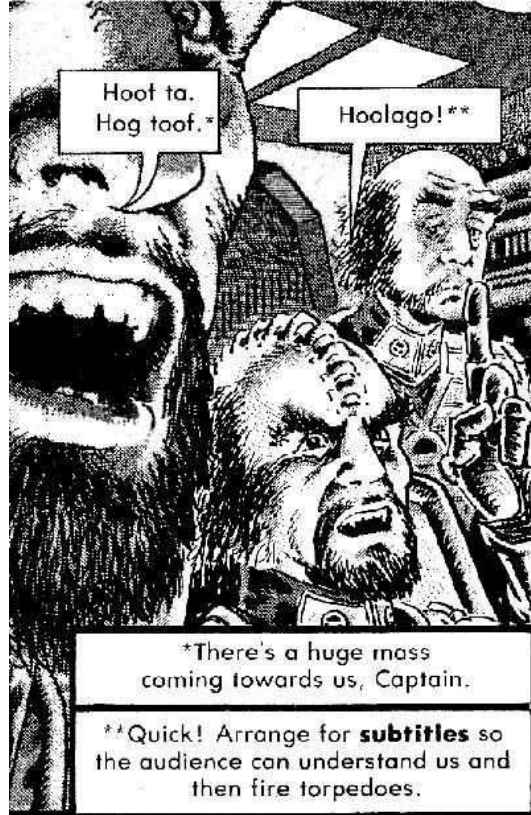
Well, we did it Hoople. We're American heroes.

Yeah, but we also did something to Americans that they're not too crazy about.

What's that?

We sent them into panic!!

MILTY NEWSTAND	
☐ U.S. GAZETTE	☐
SHARK SCARE HITS U.S. - WORSE THAN RED SCARE	POOL ATTENDANCE UP 25% THIS MONTH
☐ SQUATTERVILLE TRIBUNE	☐ N.Y. GRIMES
MAN SAYS SHARK CLIMBS THROUGH SINK AND BITES SON	SHARK ALLEGEDLY SPOTTED IN WATER FOUNTAIN
☐ BLEYERVILLE NEWS	☐ CHAIRER BLUES
BEACH ATTENDANCE DOWN 99% 10,000 LIFEGUARDS OUT OF WORK	WOMAN CLAIMS SEEING SHARK IN LADIES ROOM



*There's a huge mass coming towards us, Captain.

Quick! Arrange for **subtitles so the audience can understand us and then fire torpedoes.



*Nothing's happening.

Excuse me sir, but is that a **lobster on your forehead?

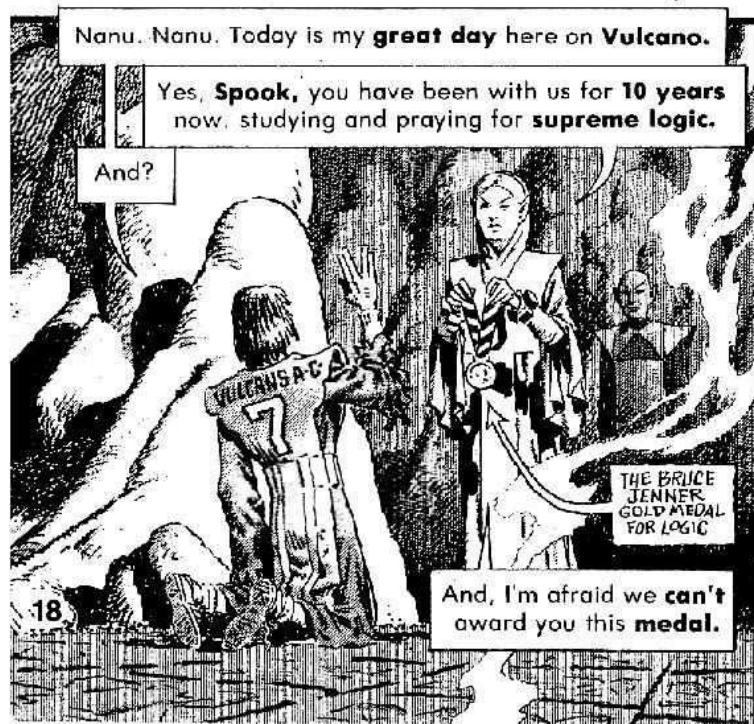


*I knew my agent should have gotten me another part. Kingtos never last long in these stories.

Well, it's finally happened! After 10 years of reruns on television, Spock, Kirk and all the rest have finally decided to boldly go where they've never gone before — to the motion picture screen as, at last, a major studio's finally released

STAR DREK

THE MOVING PICTURE



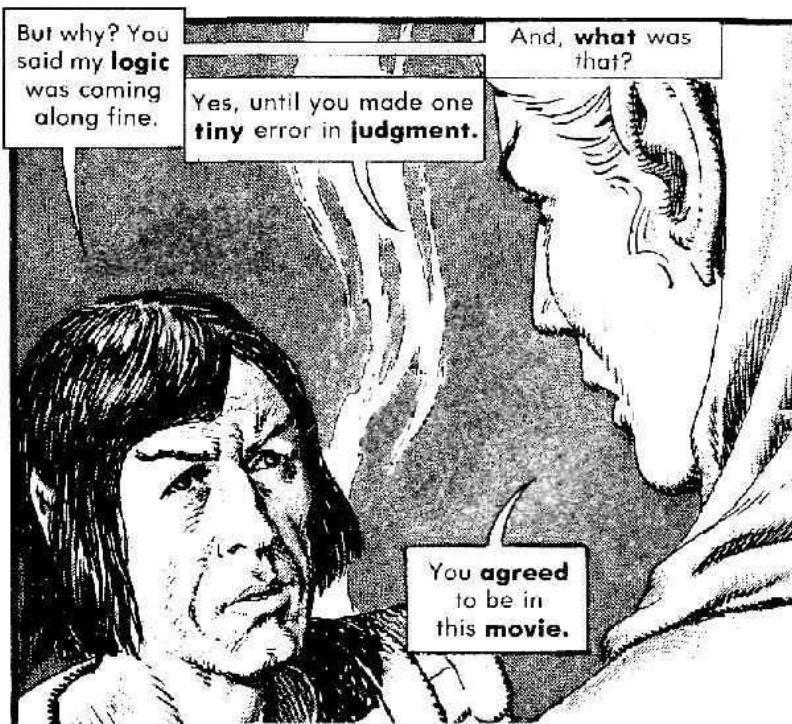
Nanu. Nanu. Today is my **great day** here on **Vulcano**.

Yes, **Spook**, you have been with us for **10 years** now, studying and praying for **supreme logic**.

And?

THE BRICE JENNER GOLD MEDAL FOR LOGIC

And, I'm afraid we can't award you this **medal**.



But why? You said my **logic** was coming along fine.

And, **what** was that?

Yes, until you made one **tiny error in judgment**.

You **agreed** to be in this **movie**.

Capt. Quirk! It's you.

Yes, **Scutti** and it's **Admiral** now. The **United Federation of Plants** has given me permission to **command** the **Enterprising** again. There's a huge **force** heading towards earth.

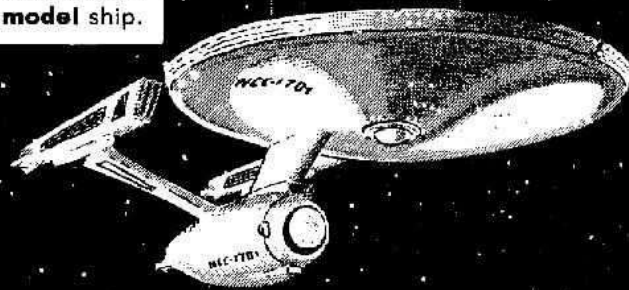
A force?

Yes, **Scutti**. It's my contention that it got **loose** from an old **Star Wars** movie.

Well, in that case, I'll be a-taking you **out** to the **ship** at once. They've been **redoing** her, laddie.



My! She's beautiful.
Truly a **model** ship.



So, you can see
the **wires** too, sir?



Zulu Mr. Chicklet! Uhulal

Admiral Quirk!?! What are
you doing here?

Same as all you other **has-beens**. Trying to **revitalize**
my career.

But sir, we **have** a command-
er already — **Mr. Deckedout**.

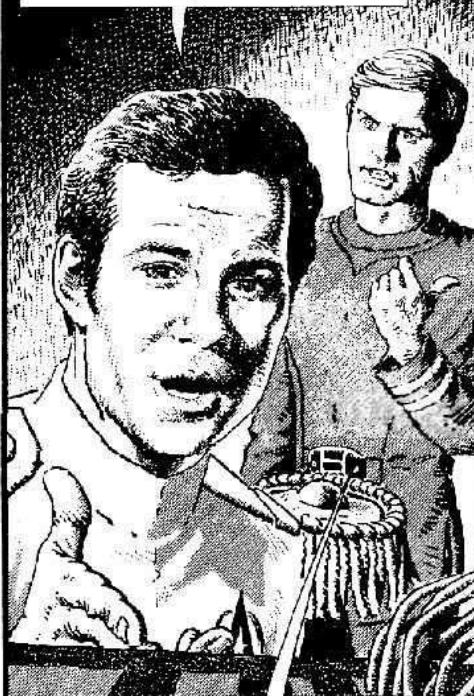
Well, like 2 **Anacins** rushing through
the **bloodstream** towards a
headache, I'm **relieving** him.



Oh, are
you now.

Admiral, this ship's been totally
redesigned, and I now know her
better than anyone.

Piffle. After **78 episodes** on T.V.,
I remember something. See, I
just got a **weather readout**
from this **computer**.



Oh yeah! What you just did was
play 2 games of **Space Invaders**.
That's the computer over there.

Mr. **Chicklet**, please get me a
pen, stamp and envelope.

What for sir?

I want to **address**
the crew.



Men, women and assorted creatures, there is a **force** heading towards earth, and our mission is to **destroy** it — the **force**, that is. **Not** the earth.

My family and I assure you that this is the **best** margarine you'll ever taste. **Promise!!**

Look!! The station is being **zapped**. What could that strange cloud possibly be?

Admiral, a **transmission's** being **beamed** on the screen behind you from a **space station** monitoring the cloud.

Oops. Wrong transmission.

Perhaps it's the radiation **re-**
mains of the 1979 3 Mile
Island accident.

Well, we're
all set
to go.

Excuse me sir, but
there's someone
waiting to be
beamed up.

I know, and I've
been **pushing**
the **beamer**, but
nothing's
happening.

Allow me, sir.
This is the
beamer.

That!?! Then
what did
I just do?

You activated the **automatic**
flush in the john.

KER-FLUSH!!

Boned!!

I told them that I
don't make **house**
calls anymore, but
no, they beamed
me up here
anyway.

Welcome
aboard.

This ship's all
different.

Don't worry. You'll get
the **hang** of it in no
time. I did. **Sick bay** is
right through **that** door.

Thanks.

OH! OH!...BEAMED UP
TO THE WRONG SHIP!!

Ahhh!
You idiot!
This is the
laundry
chute!!

Capt., I am **Hialeah**, your new **second officer**.

I knew those **close cropped** haircuts were in for **women**, but yours is ridiculous.

Aren't you going to **welcome me aboard**?

What is this? **The Love Boat**? Just step on in.

Scutti, let's move it out. Bring this baby up to **warp one**.

But sir...

Commander Deckedout, we're in a hurry.

What's going on? Everything's a **blur**.

Perhaps the **CRACKED** printing press is acting up again.

He's been **riding** with the **parking brake** on.

You saved the ship, Captain. I'd like to **thank** you, in my **own** way, of course.

You mean with some more of your **stilted** dialog and **wooden** acting.

This is even **worse** than **riding** in a '74 Vega. What's wrong?

It's what I've been trying to tell the admiral.

Oh.

I am not **wooden**.

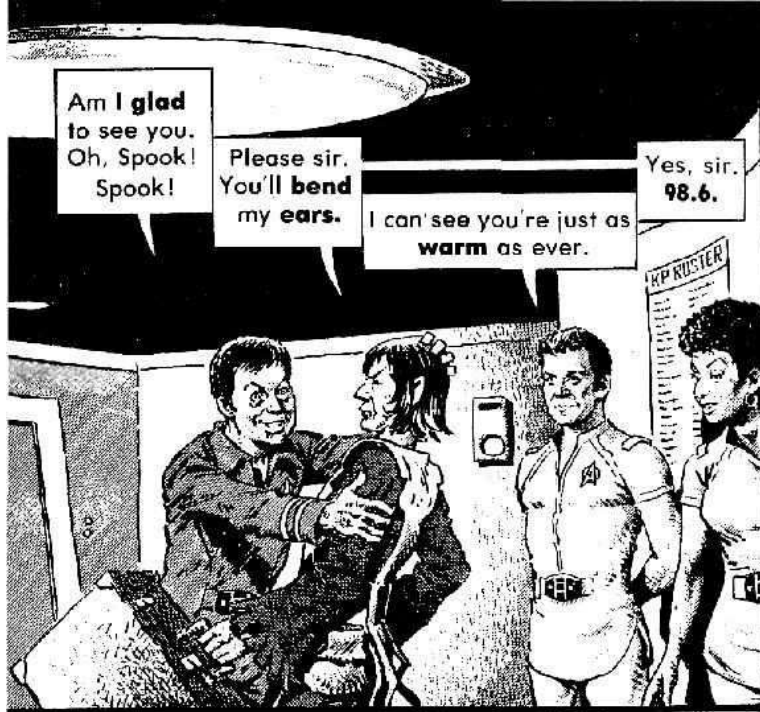
Oh no. Then why's that **bird** trying to **peck** at your leg?

TAKKA-TAKKA-TAK!

Commander, there's something approaching us out there.

It must be the **deli sandwiches** I sent out for.

No, sir, it's... my gosh! It's **Mr. Spook**, and he's **hitchhiking**.



Am I glad to see you. Oh, Spook! Spook!

Please sir. You'll bend my ears.

I can see you're just as warm as ever.

Yes, sir. 98.6.



Commander, the cloud force is ahead. Shall we send out messages of friendship?

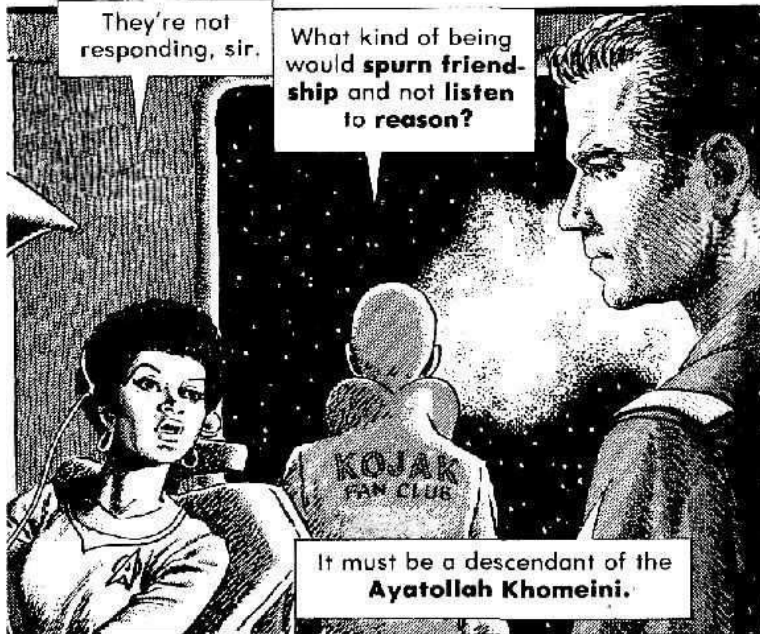
GOOD THINKING!

MASTERFUL DECISION!

HOW SWEET!

GOOD SHOW, SIR!

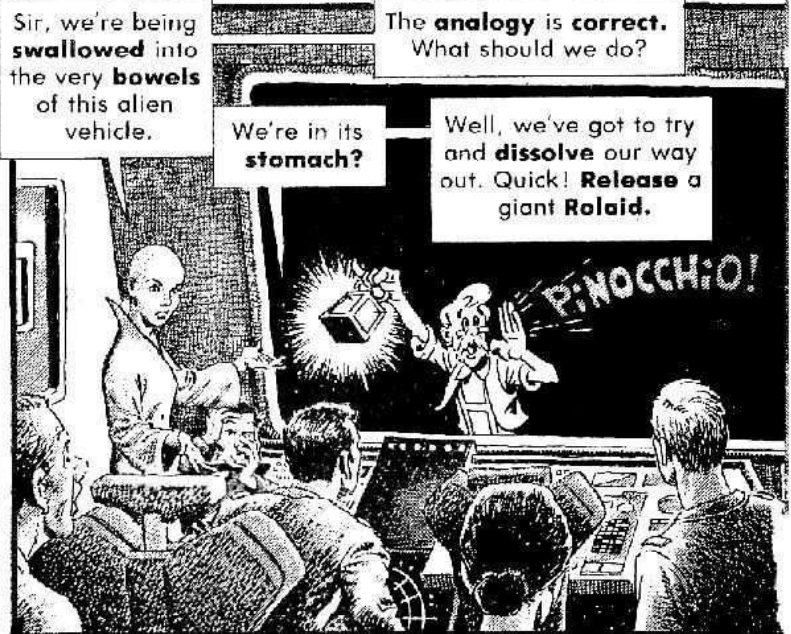
Yes, Zulu. Oh, and while you're at it, throw in a box of candy too.



They're not responding, sir.

What kind of being would spurn friendship and not listen to reason?

It must be a descendant of the Ayatollah Khomeini.



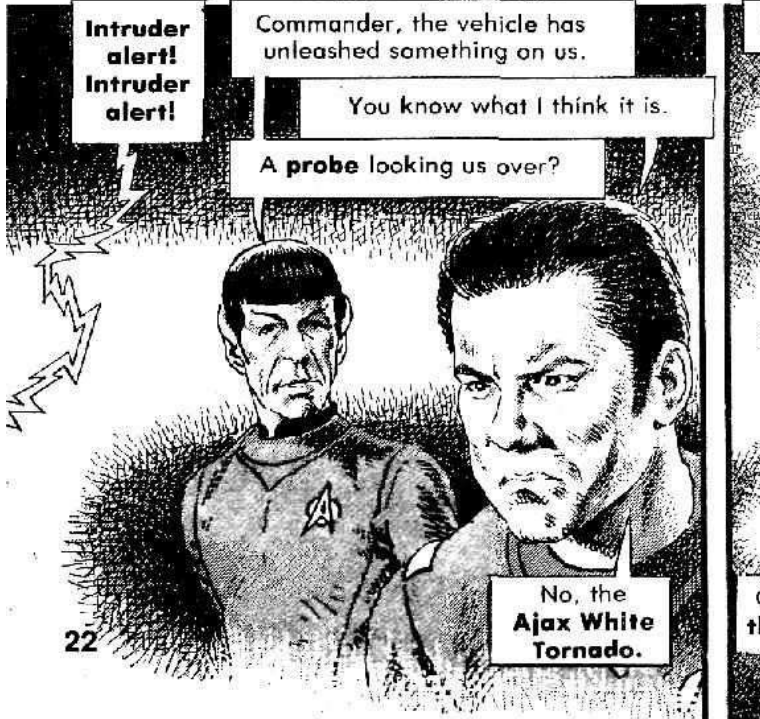
Sir, we're being swallowed into the very bowels of this alien vehicle.

The analogy is correct. What should we do?

We're in its stomach?

Well, we've got to try and dissolve our way out. Quick! Release a giant Rolaid.

PINOCCHIO!



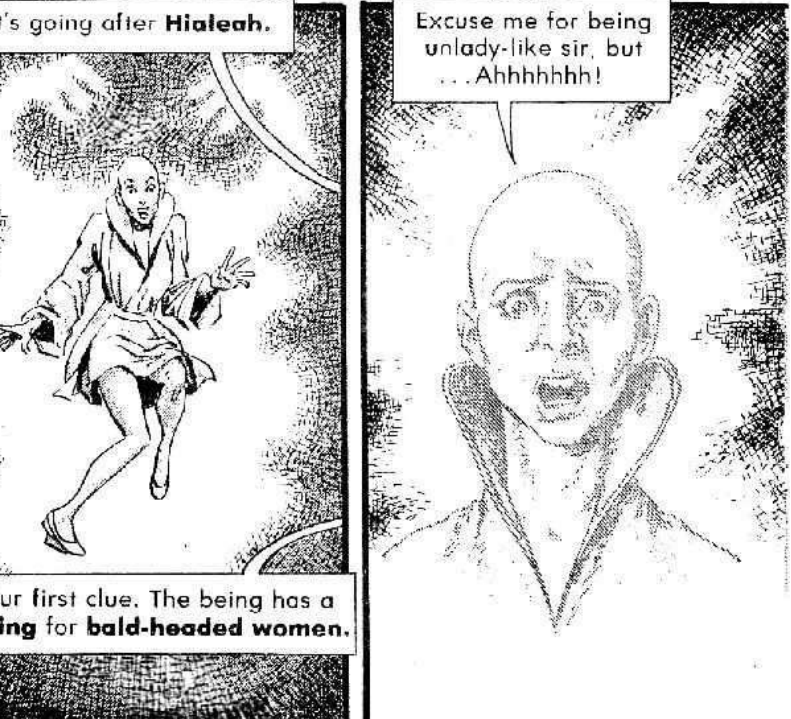
Intruder alert! Intruder alert!

Commander, the vehicle has unleashed something on us.

You know what I think it is.

A probe looking us over?

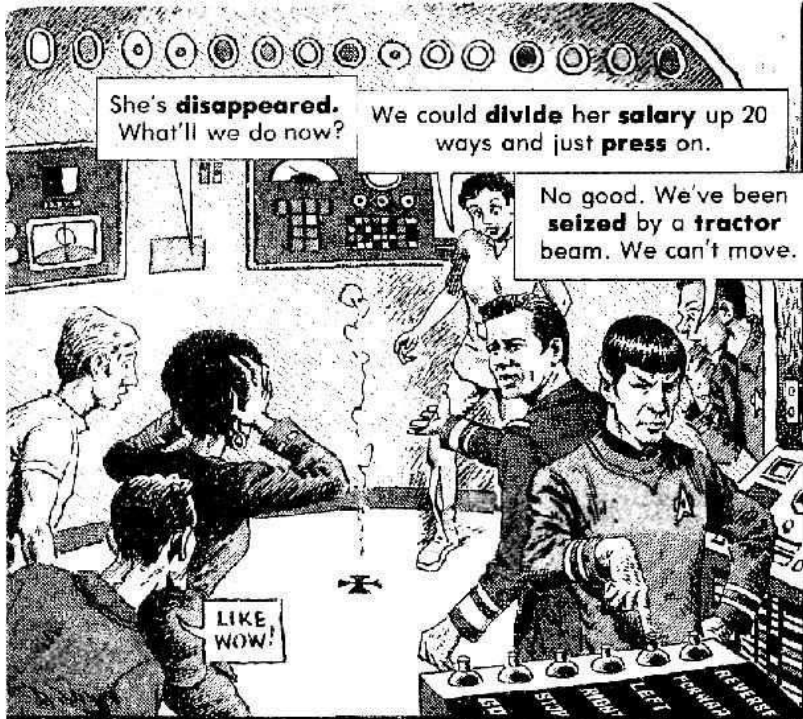
No, the Ajax White Tornado.



It's going after Hialeah.

Excuse me for being unlady-like sir, but ... Ahhhhhhh!

Our first clue. The being has a thing for bald-headed women.

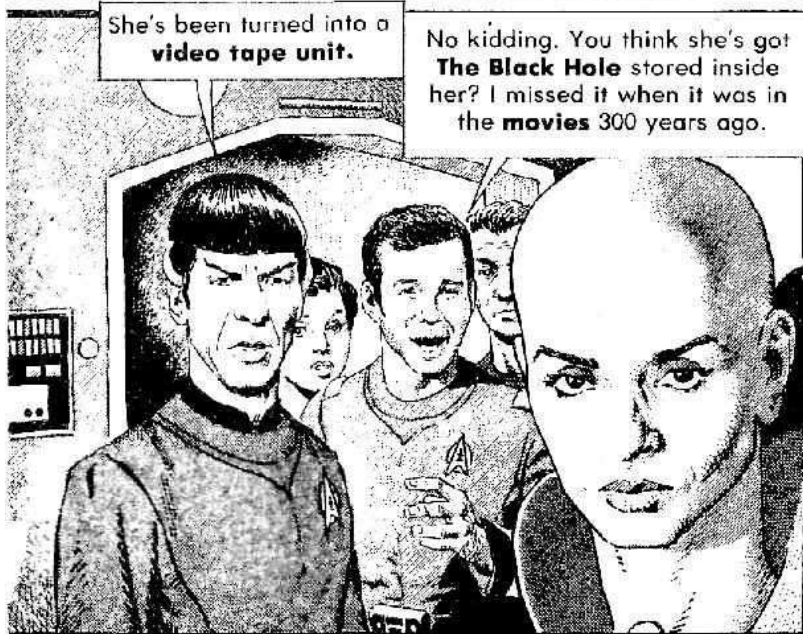


She's **disappeared**. What'll we do now?

We could **divide** her **salary** up 20 ways and just **press** on.

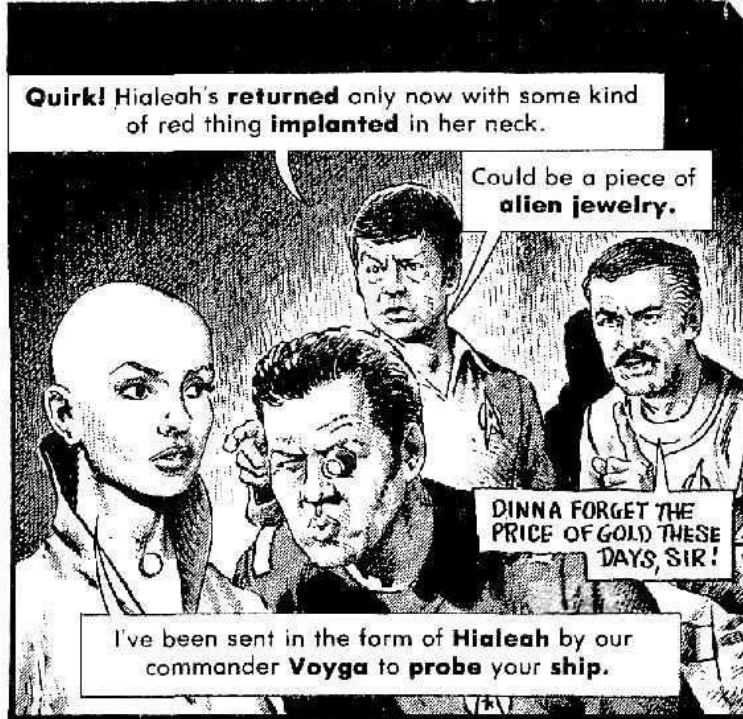
No good. We've been **seized** by a tractor beam. We can't move.

LIKE WOW!



She's been turned into a **video tape unit**.

No kidding. You think she's got **The Black Hole** stored inside her? I missed it when it was in the **movies** 300 years ago.

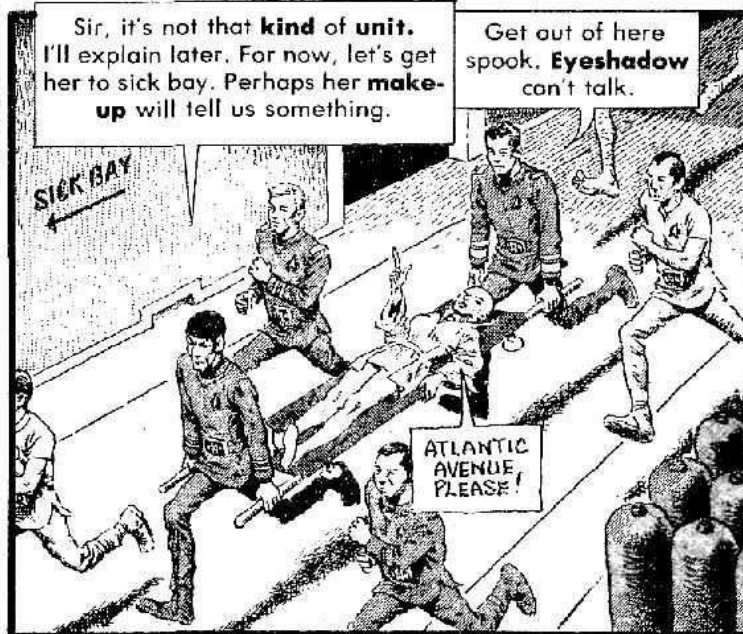


Quirk! Hialeah's **returned** only now with some kind of red thing **implanted** in her neck.

Could be a piece of **alien jewelry**.

DINNA FORGET THE PRICE OF GOLD THESE DAYS, SIR!

I've been sent in the form of **Hialeah** by our commander **Voyga** to **probe** your ship.



Sir, it's not that **kind** of **unit**. I'll explain later. For now, let's get her to sick bay. Perhaps her **make-up** will tell us something.

Get out of here spook. **Eyeshadow** can't talk.

SICK BAY

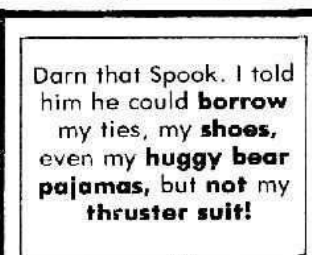
ATLANTIC AVENUE PLEASE!



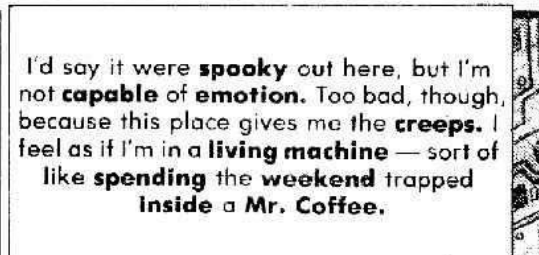
I will now start my **examination**, but I warn you admiral, if some strange **creature** **pops** up out of her **chest** and **bloodies** my uniform. I'm sending **you** the **cleaning bill**.

Uhula, where's **Spook?**

He wanted to **investigate** the outer **regions** of this alien vehicle first hand, so he **borrowed** your **thruster suit**.



Darn that Spook. I told him he could **borrow** my ties, my **shoes**, even my **huggy bear pajamas**, but not my **thruster suit**!



I'd say it were **spooky** out here, but I'm not **capable** of **emotion**. Too bad, though, because this place gives me the **creeps**. I feel as if I'm in a **living machine** — sort of like **spending** the **weekend** trapped inside a **Mr. Coffee**.



Ahhhh! The being is mistaking me for a giant **credit card** and **charging** me with 6 million volts of **electricity**.



Spook, are you all right?

There's **6 million volts of power** surging through me and you wanna know if I'm all right... Ooh!!

What's wrong?

I feel a **pain** on my **side**. Like something is being **stuck** into me.

Relax.



It's only **Boned** running his **hot comb** off your leg.

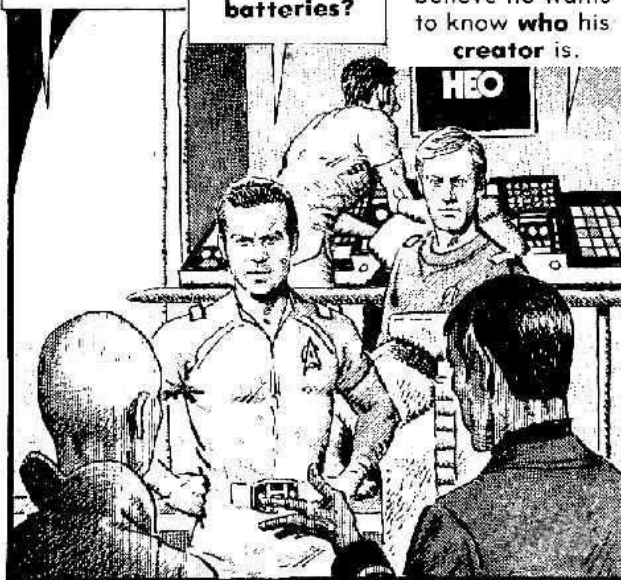


Voyge sends a **question** to you **carbon units**.

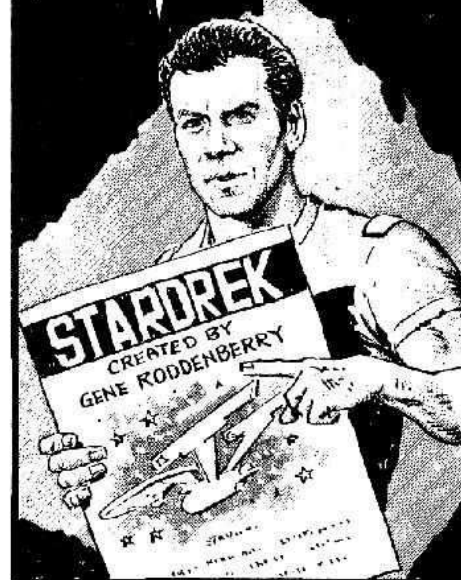
Carbon units? What does he think we are — **duracell batteries**?

Commander, **Voyge** is a **machine**. He's **barren**, and I believe he wants to know **who his creator** is.

HCO



Well tell him **Gene Roddenberry**. See, it's right **here** in the credits.



No good.

Sir, he's got **3 powerful weapons** surrounding the **earth** now.

I've got an idea. **Voyge** is like a **child**. Treat him as such and maybe this **probe** will take you to **meet** him in **person**.

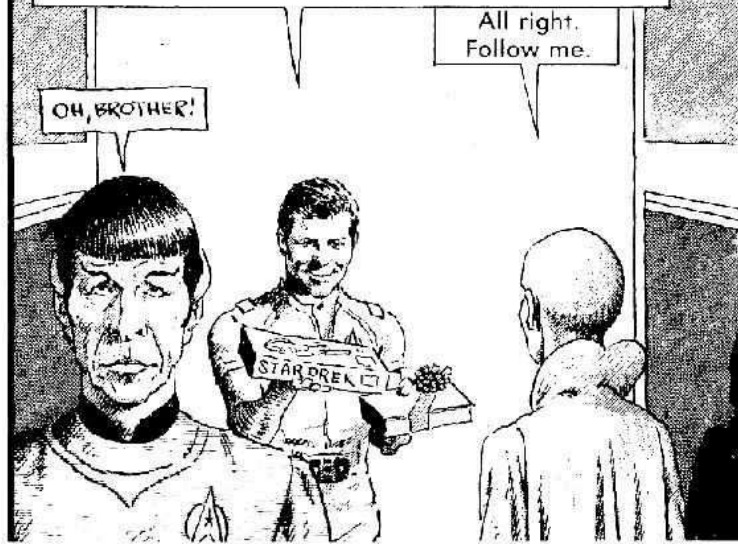
I'll try.



Voyge, want some **candy**? Or how about a **Star Trek** model that retails for \$19.95? They're both **yours** if you just **take** me to **yourself**.

All right. Follow me.

OH, BROTHER!



It worked. Hey, to really **win** him over, think I should wear a **Santa Claus** suit as we **approach**?

I don't think that's **necessary**, sir.

Look at that. It's sort of like some **strange land** I've seen before.

Try **Oz**.

All we have to do is go **inside** and we'll find out **who** Voyge is.

My gosh! It's a lost **voyager 6** from the **NASA** program of nearly 300 years ago. It's **evolved** to a **higher plane** because of all the **knowledge** its gathered. Do you know what this **means**?

If you think **that's** asking a lot, wait'll you get a **load** of **this**. I shall now **connect** myself to the **machine** and become **one** with it.

Look! He's **dissolving**.

Yeah. It means we're really **push-ing** it asking our audience to believe something **this** ridiculous.

Yeah, sort of like a **cosmic Alka Seltzer**.

Well, Commander Quirk, **Decked-out** is **gone** and the **Enterprising** is once again all **yours** to **command**. **Where** to now, Sir?

Well, after studying **their** reaction to all that's happened during these last 2 hours, I'm afraid there's only **one** safe **place** left for us to **head**...

Back to T.V. Where we were **adored** and **worshipped**!

That's it? How dumb.

Man, I want my **4 bucks** back.

That was just like "**The Companion**" episode done 12 years ago.

I'm totally lost. What happened?

25
TH'END

Long ago, somewhere in deep space, two inhabitants of the planet Clipton—Klong and Wheatola Gai Pan—were getting ready to dispose of their first born.



SUPED-UPMAN

The Satire



Oh, Henry. Can we **keep** him?

Well, I... He's **probably** some neighborhood boy who just got **separated** from his parents.

And **fell** through our **roof**?

Why he's... **Darn!** My false teeth fell out of my **mouth** and rolled **underneath** the molding.



And so Henry and Henretta Clone adopted the little boy and named him Cluck. And as the years passed, Cluck grew.

You know, Pop, it's been **tough** having these super powers and not being able to show them off.

Well, we agreed to keep them **secret** for your protection. You see, I believe you were sent here for a **purpose** and **one day** that purpose will be revealed to you.

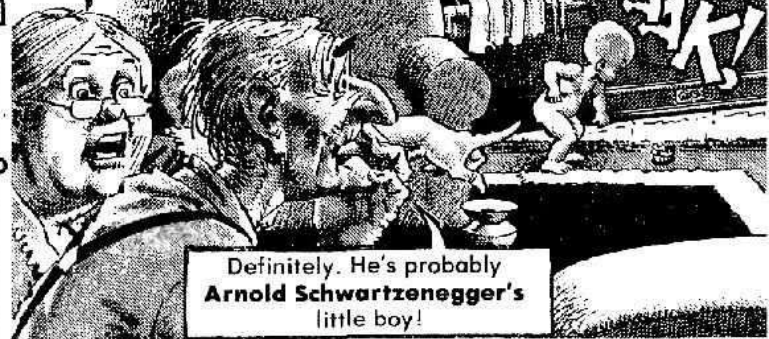
You're **right**. But I guess for now I'll just go on doing my daily chores. Shall I milk the cow after this?



Henry! Look at **that!**

Hey! **Put** that **wall** down, you little brat.

Do you **still** think he's from around here?



By the way son. You look different than you did last night. **What** happened?

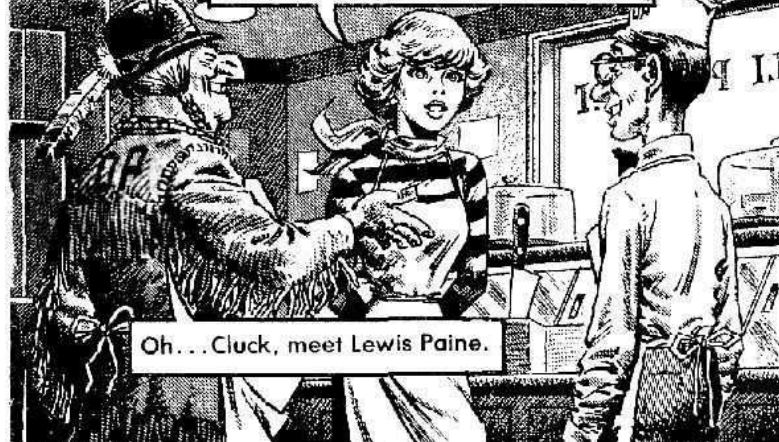
My **braces** came off. They **straightened** out **everything!**



But Cluck was not to stay on the farm long and, at the tender age of 40, he left Smellville for the large city to join a great metropolitan delicatessen where he vowed to fight for truth, justice and lean pastrami.

Cluck Clone, welcome to the **Large City Deli Planet**. You'll find that we have **all** the latest technical advancements from digital scales that short weight automatically to computerized cash registers.

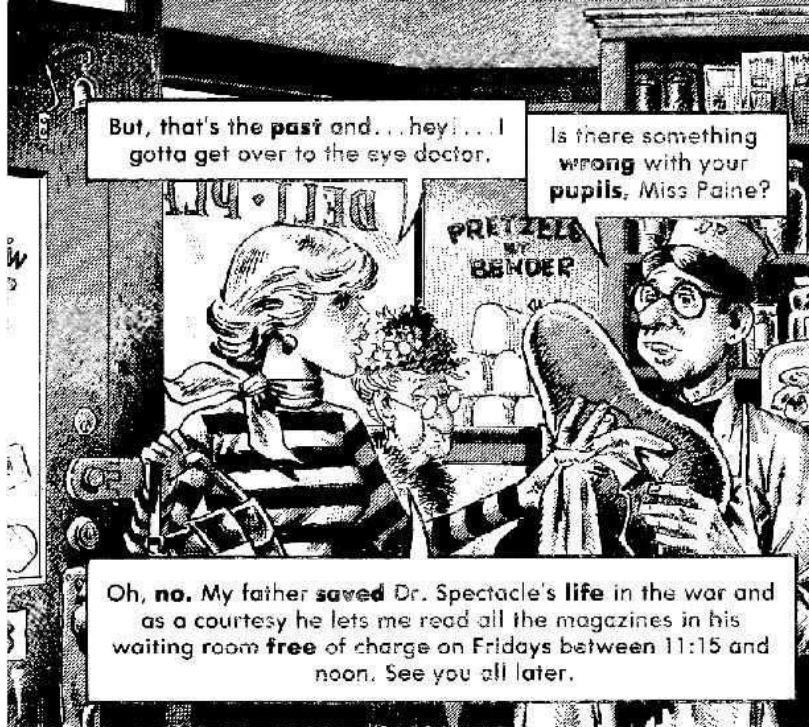
Don't I get introduced, Running Water?



How'd a good looking dame like **you** get hooked on delicatessans?

Every girl's got to have a **dream** and I guess this's been mine—to work at a major deli. It started when I was a little girl. At Christmas, my parents and I would sit around the tree and make potato salad while waiting for Santa to arrive.

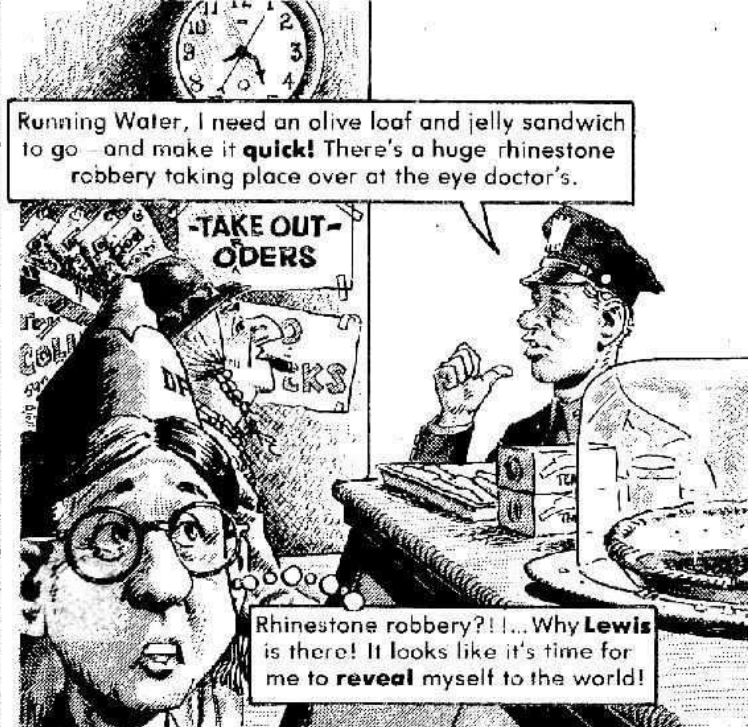




But, that's the **past** and... hey!... I gotta get over to the eye doctor.

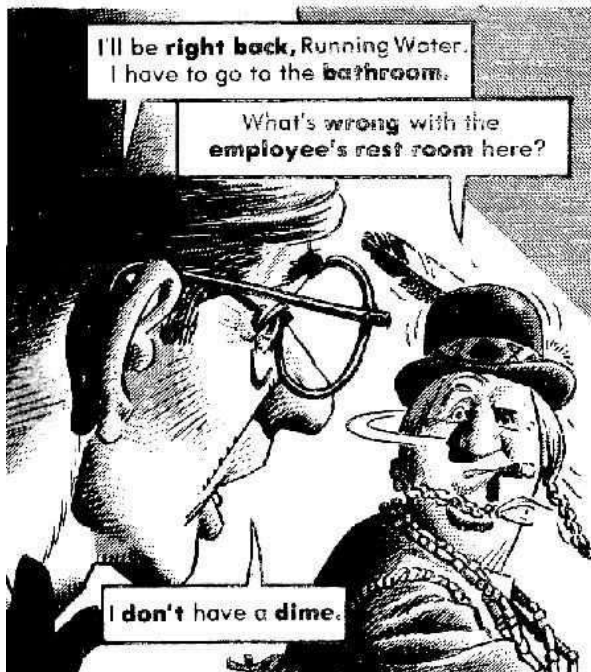
Is there something **wrong** with your **pupils**, Miss Paine?

Oh, **no**. My father **saved** Dr. Spectacle's **life** in the war and as a courtesy he lets me read all the magazines in his waiting room **free** of charge on Fridays between 11:15 and noon. See you all later.



Running Water, I need an olive loaf and jelly sandwich to go—and make it **quick!** There's a huge rhinestone robbery taking place over at the eye doctor's.

Rhinestone robbery?!... Why **Lewis** is there! It looks like it's time for me to **reveal** myself to the world!



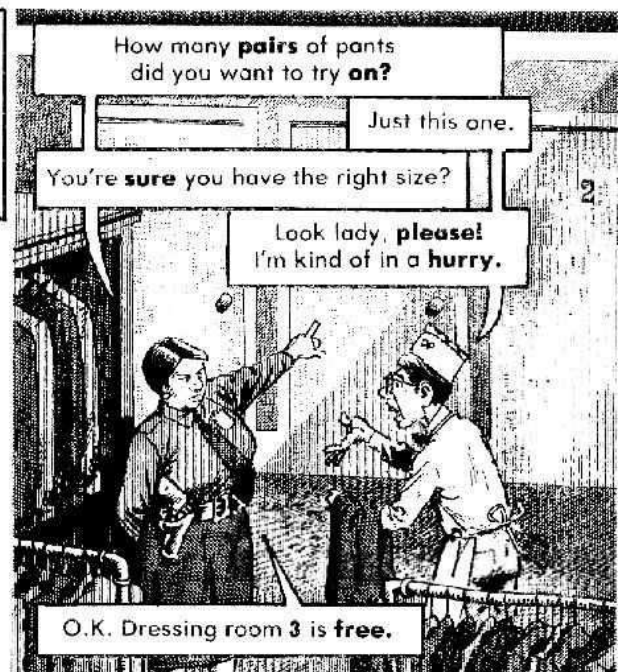
I'll be **right back**, Running Water. I have to go to the **bathroom**.

What's **wrong** with the **employee's rest room** here?

I **don't** have a **dime**.



Oh my gosh! Lewis is in **trouble** and there's not a **phone booth** to be found! I'd better use my super brain and think of where I'm gonna change before it's too late... **Wait!** I've got it!!!



How many **pairs** of pants did you want to try **on**?

Just this one.

You're **sure** you have the right size?

Look lady, **please!** I'm kind of in a **hurry**.

O.K. Dressing room **3** is **free**.



Let's **go** buddy—out into the waiting room.

Oh wow! Dr. Spectacle is getting **ANT** and **ROACH** now, the only magazine recognized by exterminators around the world.

Stop the **shooting** copper, or the doc here gets it!

You're **bluffing!**

He's **not!**... **Help!**... **PLEASE!**

Dr. Spectacle! Is something **wrong?**



Don't you know those are **dangerous?**

What the...?

Hey! He **stole** our guns!

Just call me the **man of steal!**

Miss Paine, are you all right?

Mister, I'm **shot**. I think I'm gonna...

WILL YOU **SHUT UP** A MINUTE? DON'T YOU SEE I'M TRYING TO FIND OUT IF THE **LADY** IS **ALL RIGHT!!** HOLD ONTO YOUR HORSES AND I'LL GET TO YOU IN A FEW MINUTES!!



See you all tomorrow.

Right, Chief.



How many **times** have I told you **not** to call me **that**?

Lewis, now that we're **alone**, I'd like to ask you... I mean... I hope you won't take this the **wrong way**, but would you like to share a bite to eat with me tonight?... I mean, **not just** a bite. You can have as **many bites** as you want!

Sorry Cluck, but I'll be **busy** at the **deli** this evening...



I gotta make **Swiss cheese** for tomorrow.

Oh.



Hello everyone.

Evening Officer Oink. What'll it be?

How 'bout some white bread on rye with mayonnaise?

Calling Officer Oink. **Big beef bouillon robbery** in progress at 10th and Market.

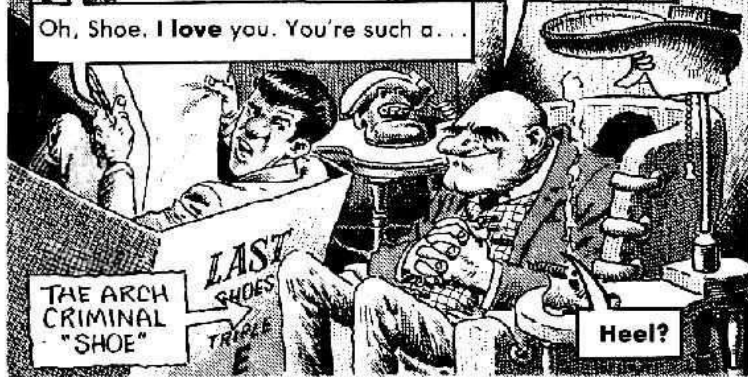


MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN

Just read these stories. "**Large City** should be free of crime forever, now that a new hero has emerged on the scene—**Supedupman**." Boss, maybe we should **give up** trying to pull off this diabolical plan of yours.

Never, McCann! **THE SHOE** doesn't quit—especially knowing that this hero is vulnerable.

Oh, Shoe. I **love** you. You're such a...



THE ARCH CRIMINAL "SHOE"

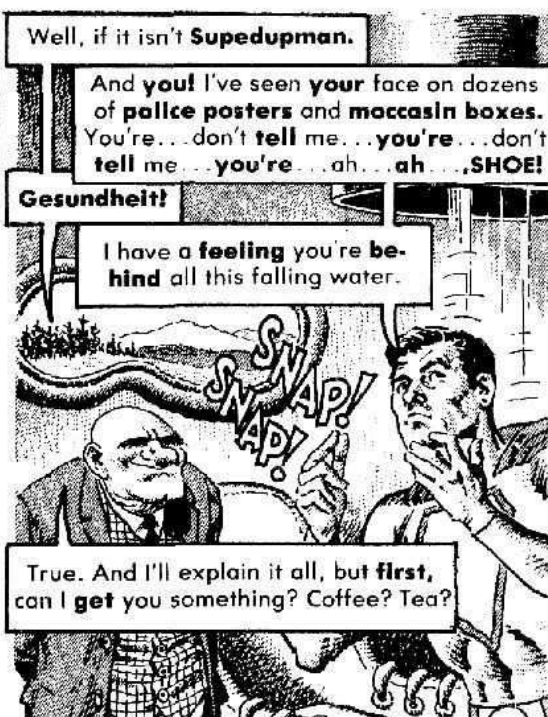
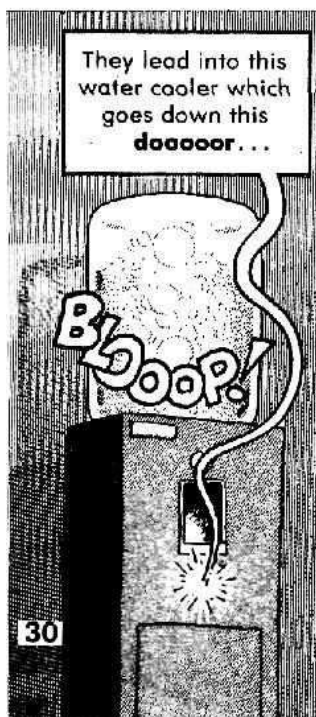
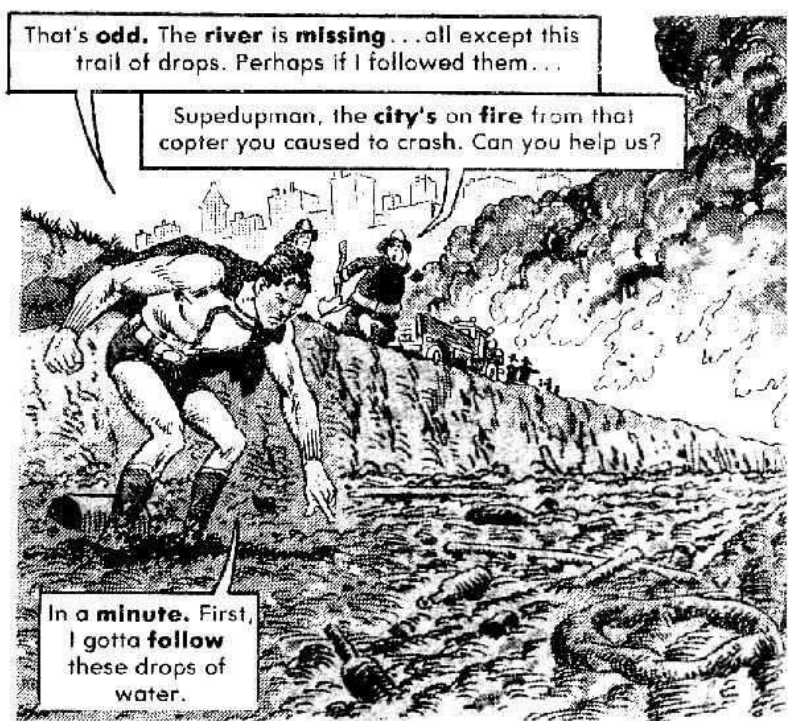
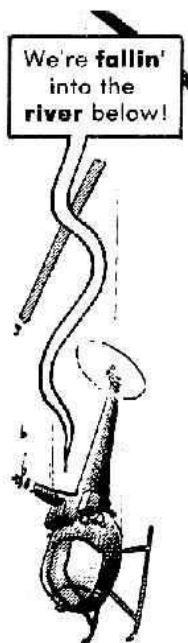
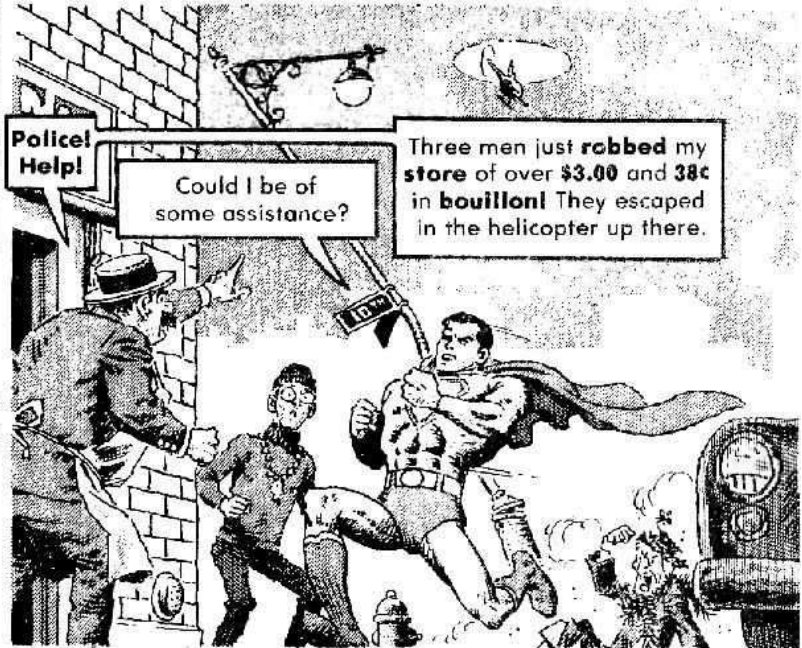
Heel?

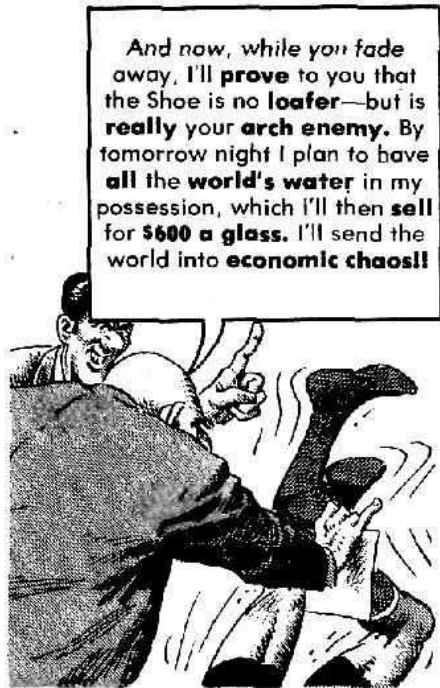
Good gravy!

Ah, Lewis would you **finish** making Officer Oink's sandwich? I have to go to the **rest room** at the bus station.

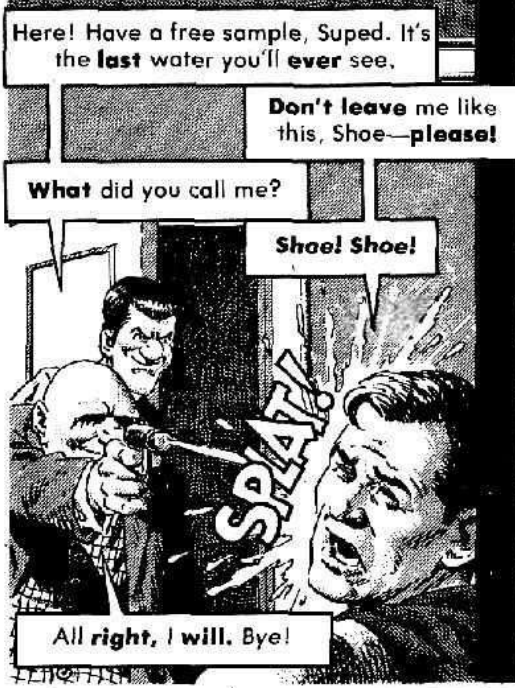


You've got the **weakest kidneys** I've ever seen!





And now, while you fade away, I'll **prove** to you that the Shoe is no **loafer**—but is **really** your **arch enemy**. By tomorrow night I plan to have **all** the **world's water** in my possession, which I'll then **sell** for **\$600 a glass**. I'll send the world into **economic chaos**!!



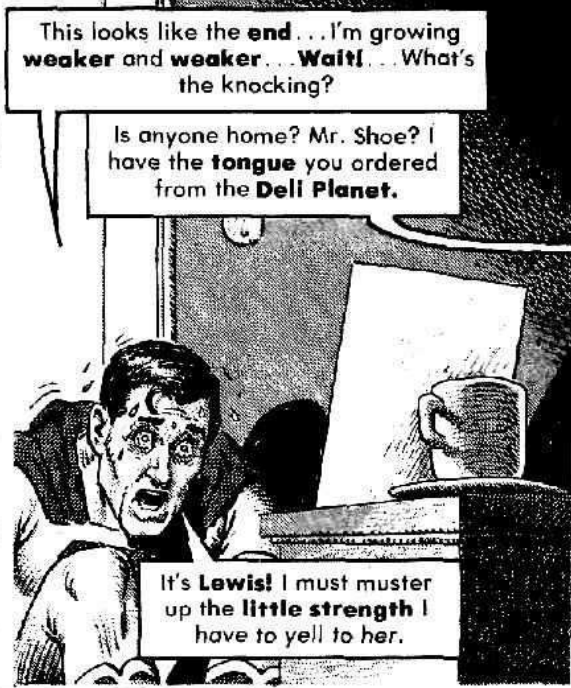
Here! Have a free sample, Suped. It's the **last water** you'll **ever** see.

Don't leave me like this, Shoe—**please!**

What did you call me?

Shoe! Shoe!

All right, I will. Bye!



This looks like the **end**... I'm growing **weaker and weaker**... **Wait!**... What's the knocking?

Is anyone home? Mr. Shoe? I have the **tongue** you ordered from the **Deli Planet**.

It's **Lewis!** I must muster up the **little strength** I have to yell to her.



COME IN!!



Supedupman?!! What are you doing here?

Lewis—that **photo**—it's **lethal**!! You must do something with it to save my life!

But what?

Draw a **shawl** and a pair of **foreador pants** on it. It's the **only way**!!

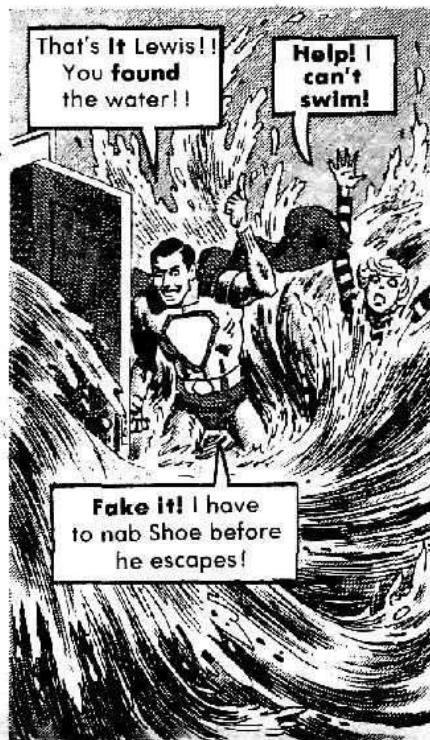


I'm afraid it's not very **good**, being all I had to work with was **mustard** but...

Thank you, Lewis. Now to **find** where Shoe's **hidden** the world's **water** supply.

How about that **closet**?

Of course! It's **lined** with **liver**—the **only thing** I can't see through. I'll just...



That's It Lewis!! You found the water!!

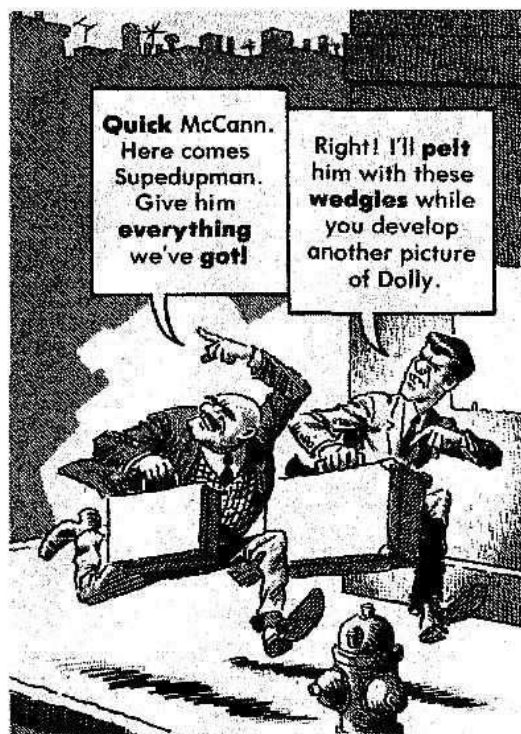
Help! I can't swim!

Fake it! I have to nab Shoe before he escapes!



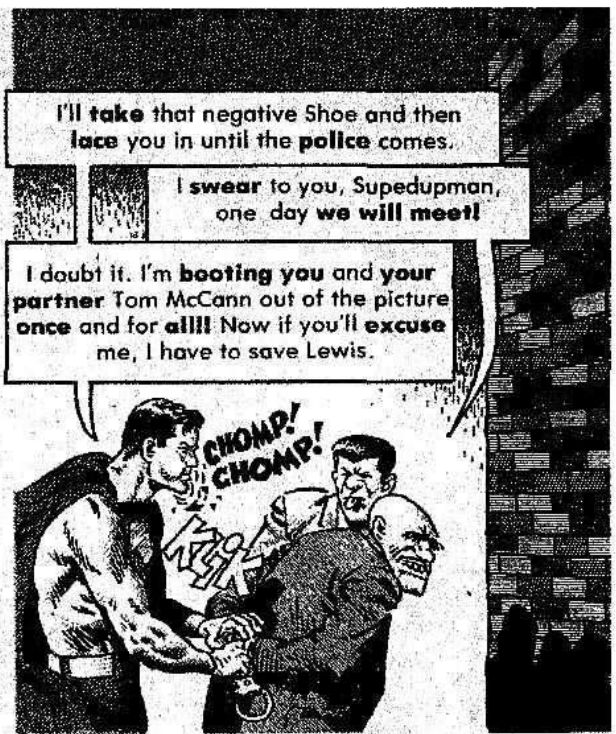
Let's see. How would Shoe **travel**?... By **foot**! Of course!! And **there** he is!!





Quick McCann. Here comes Supedupman. Give him **everything** we've got!

Right! I'll **pelt** him with these **wedgies** while you develop another picture of Dolly.



I'll **take** that negative Shoe and then **lace** you in until the **police** comes.

I **swear** to you, Supedupman, one day we will **meet!**

I doubt it. I'm **booting** you and your partner Tom McCann out of the picture **once** and for **all!!!** Now if you'll **excuse** me, I have to save Lewis.

CHOMP! CHOMP!

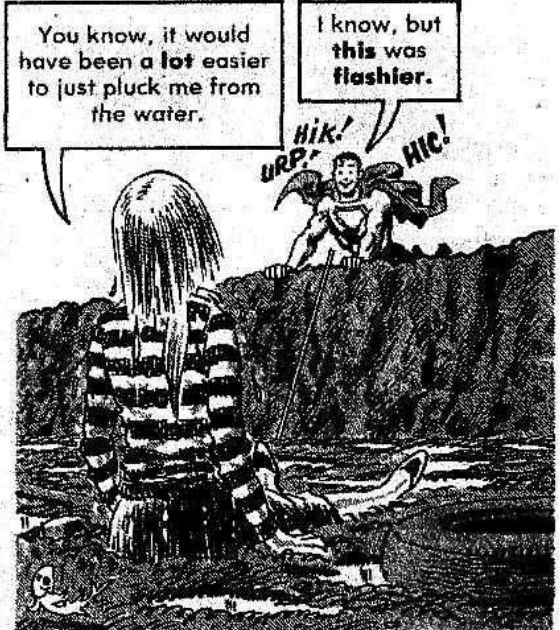


Help! I'm going under for the **103rd** and **last** time!!

Hang in there, Lewis!



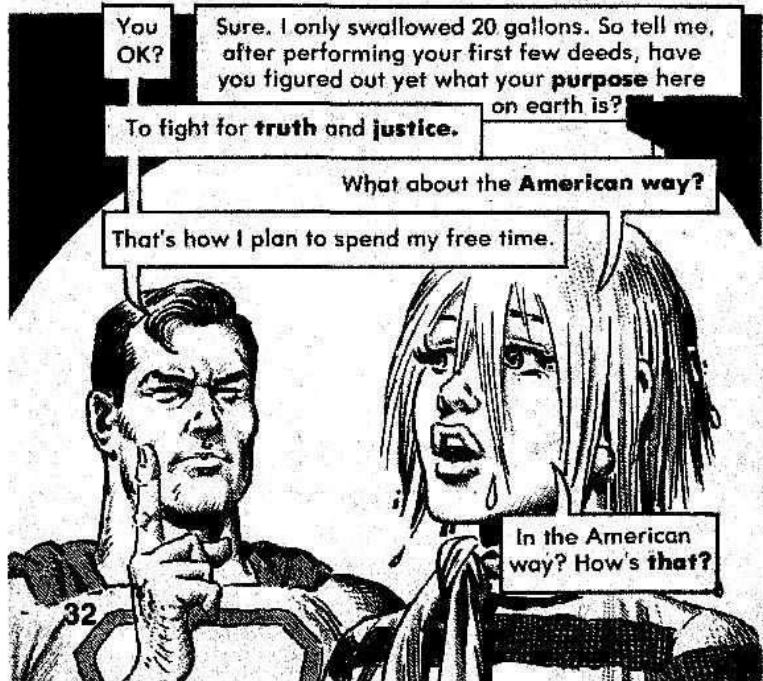
SLURP!



You know, it would have been a **lot** easier to just **pluck** me from the water.

I know, but **this** was **flashier**.

Hik! URP! Hic!



You OK?

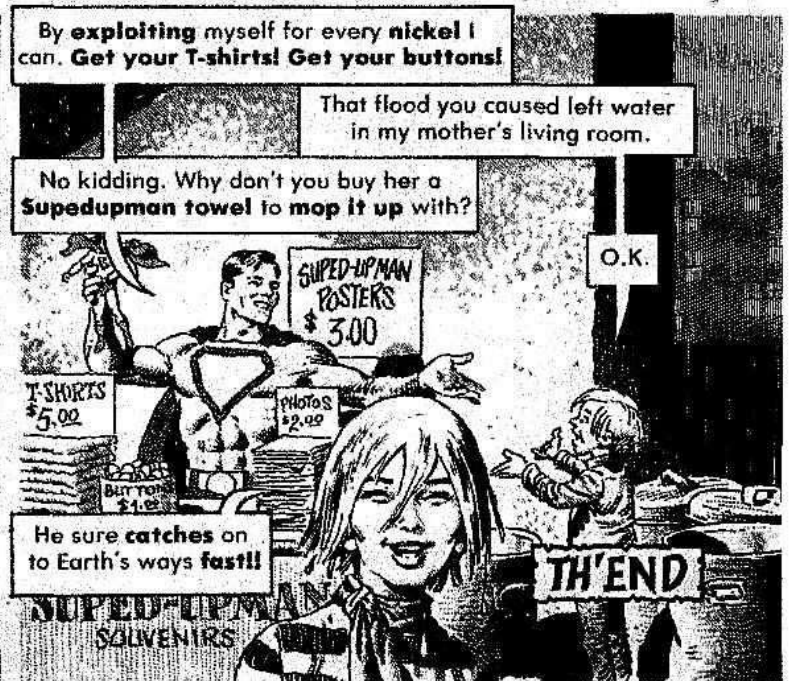
Sure. I only swallowed 20 gallons. So tell me, after performing your first few deeds, have you figured out yet what your **purpose** here on earth is?

To fight for **truth** and **justice**.

What about the **American way**?

That's how I plan to spend my free time.

In the American way? How's **that**?



By **exploiting** myself for every nickel I can. **Get your T-shirts! Get your buttons!**

That flood you caused left water in my mother's living room.

No kidding. Why don't you buy her a **Supedupman towel** to mop it up with?

O.K.

SUPED-UPMAN POSTERS \$3.00
T-SHIRTS \$5.00
PHOTOS \$2.00
BUTTONS \$1.00

He sure **catches** on to Earth's ways **fast!!**

SUPED-UPMAN SOLVENTS

TH'END

CRACKED previews the #1 selling
book of this or any other galaxy...

RED
GLOW
PRESS

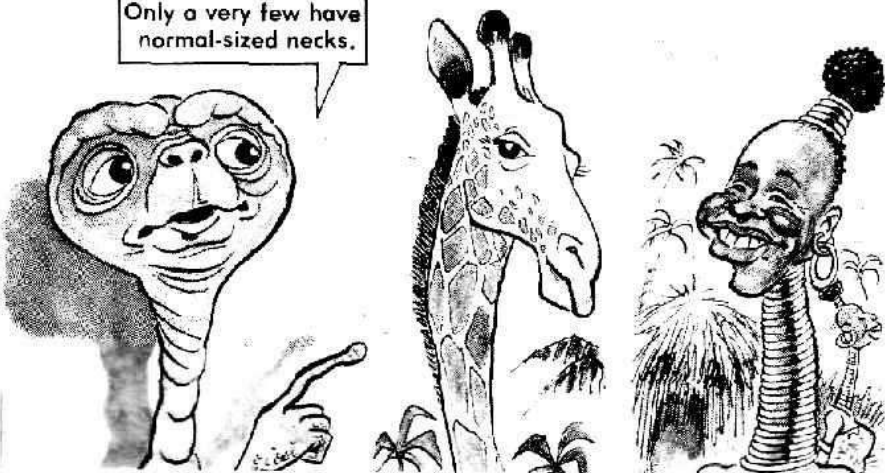
E.T.'s REPORT MY EXPERIENCES ON EARTH

OR
"STRANDED 3 MILLION
LIGHT YEARS FROM
GOD'S COUNTRY"



CHAPTER ONE — *Physical Characteristics of Earth Creatures*

Only a very few have
normal-sized necks.



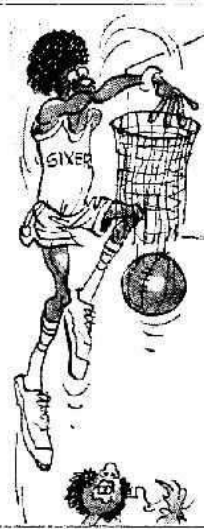
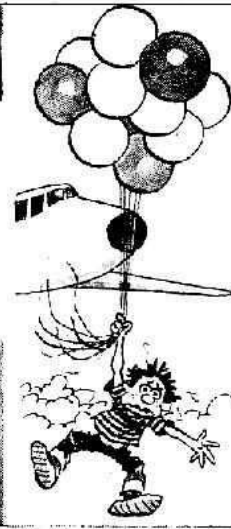
The skin color of humans comes in several
sickly hues. Only after riding certain con-
veyances does their skin assume a healthy
green pallor.



Humans are unable to levitate themselves without our help.

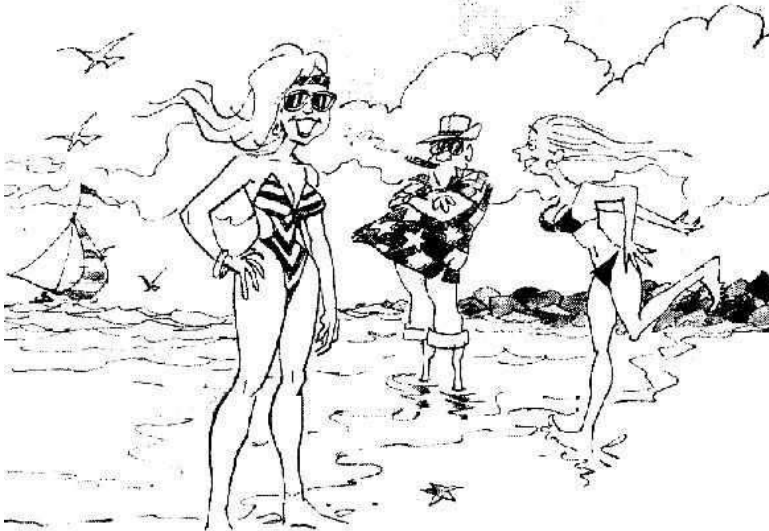


... There are, however, a few exceptions ...



CHAPTER TWO — Observations on Human Clothing

Female members of the species are very economical ... they try to use as little material as possible.



Earthlings have a strange affinity with their pets. Both wear similar type neck adornments.



CHAPTER THREE — Human Intelligence

Earthlings are not too bright. I was able to barter a few pounds of a worthless yellow metal for a whole big bag of an extraordinarily yummy gastronomical delight.

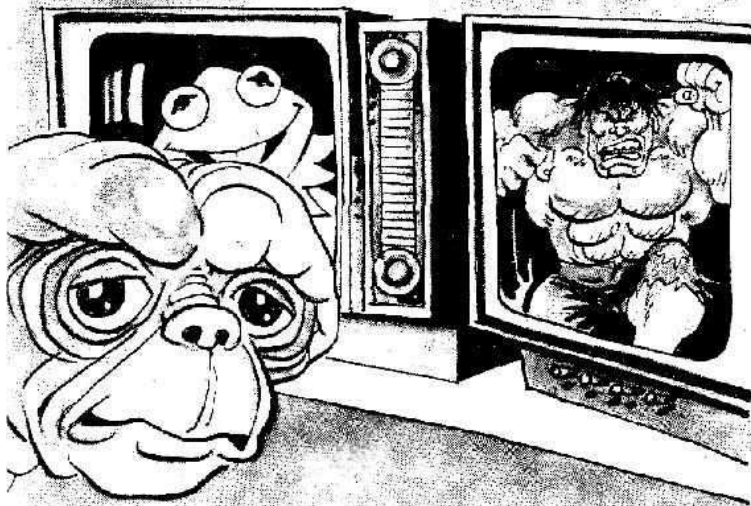


I did my best to avoid being captured by humans. Mankind seems to delight in jailing creatures whose intelligence exceeds its own.



CHAPTER FOUR — Human Behavior

Humans practice color discrimination. I found only two TV programs that featured green creatures.



Earthlings have slow reflexes. Below I give earth creatures a quick seminar on how video games should be played... four at a time.



Earthlings obviously fear their offspring. They imprison them in maximum-security compounds for most of the day.



Earthmen are a superstitious lot who have no knowledge of self-healing. They rely on a group of white-clad charlatans who use a wide assortment of ineffectual remedies.



Spheroid-type space travelers are advised to give Earth a wide berth. Earthlings take great delight in pounding any object that is round in shape. Even earth children are encouraged to partake in this strange mayhem.



CHAPTER FIVE — Human Religion

Humans are very religious. Before eating they must utter a short prayer to a metal-like idol.



Following the prayer a priest-type figure rewards them with a meal.

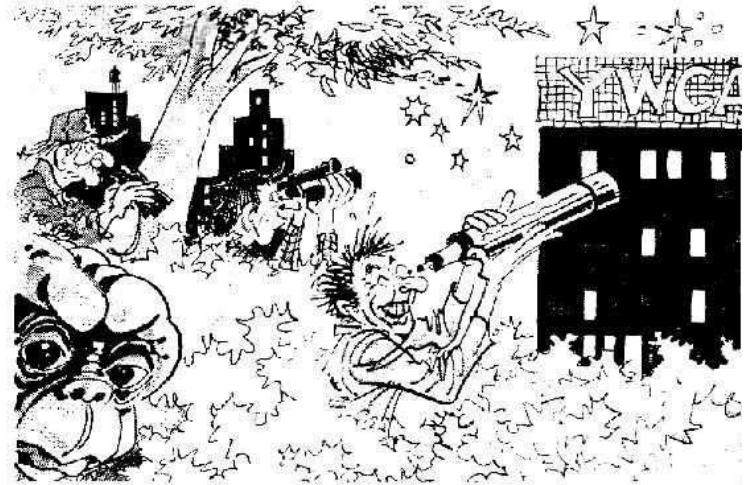


CHAPTER SIX — Miscellaneous Observation

Whenever I was homesick I gazed heavenwards at my home planet.



I conclude there must be other homesick extra-terrestrials on Earth.



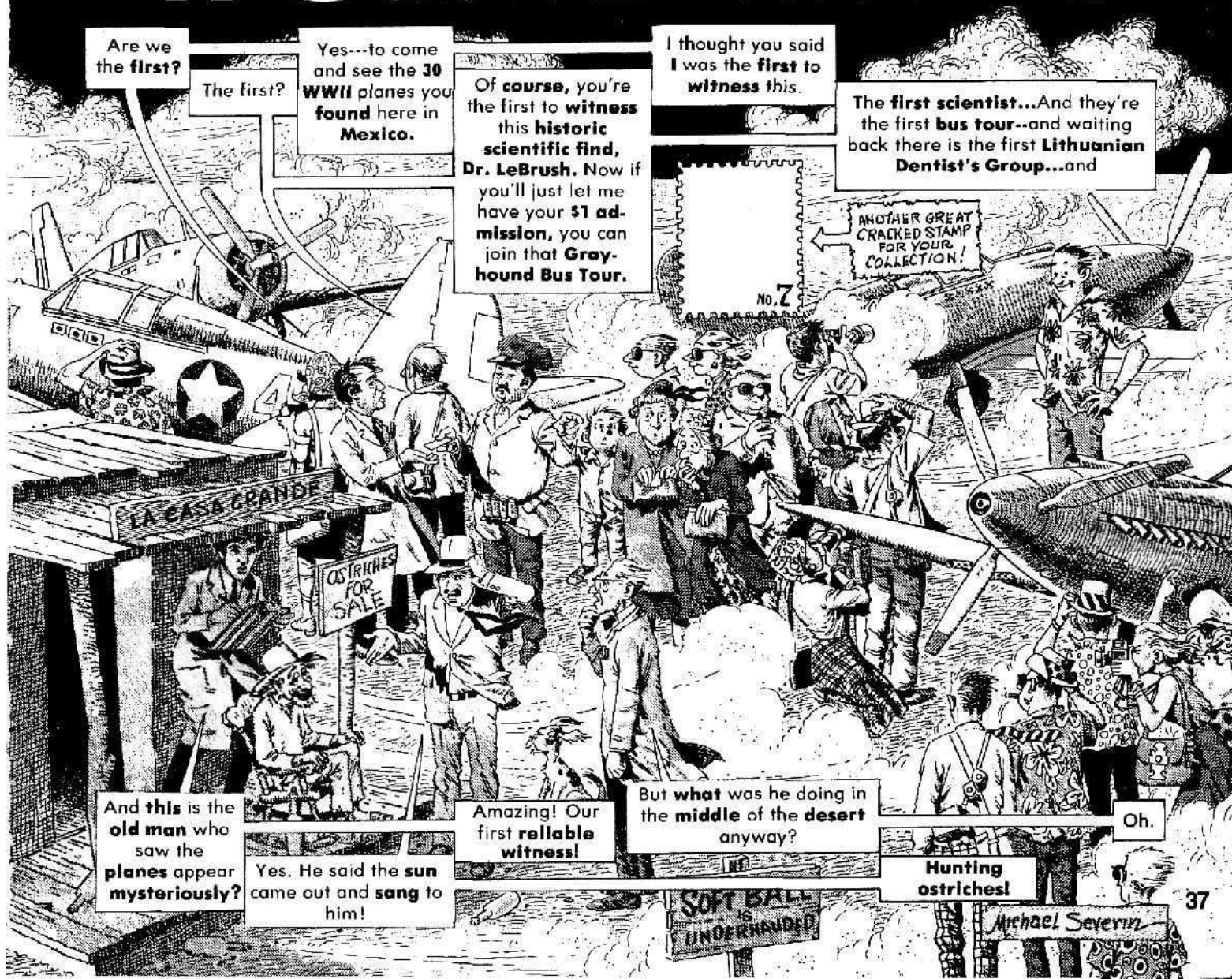
CHAPTER SEVEN — Conclusion

I departed the planet just in time. Earthlings were in the process of stockpiling more and more nuclear weapons. Their reasoning was that creating more weapons would insure them not being used... I find it noteworthy that this same type of specious logic was also once advanced on the 753 other extinct planets of our galaxy.



This is the year of space. Now, you might not believe it, looking at the clutter in your basement, but in the movies at least, people are flocking to see all sorts of films about the outer limits and its beings. And the biggest flick at the moment has to be the one we call

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE WORST KIND





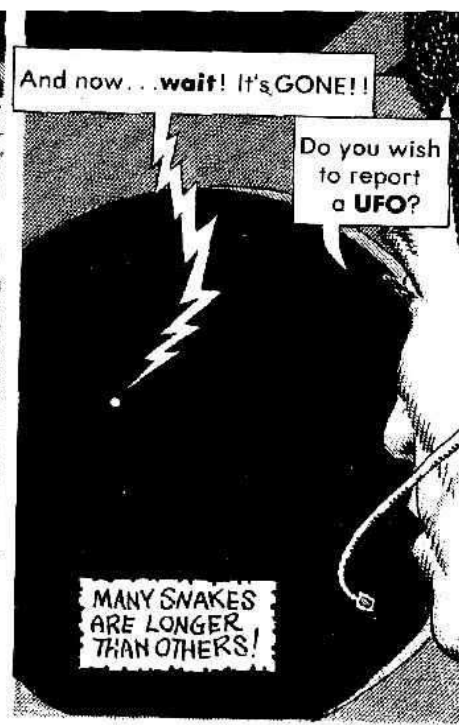
Flight 603 to Air Traffic Control-
Indianapolis---come in please.

What is it flight 603?

There's a **large, bright light** coming
at us...**BIG...BLINDING...**that's either
a **space vehicle** of some sort or...

Or what?

Or a huge 200 foot **Kawasaki**
motorcycle!



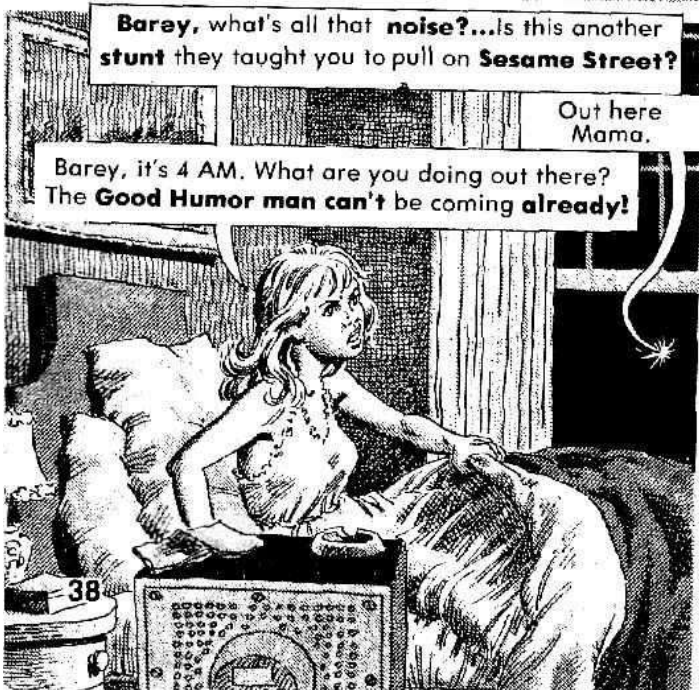
And now... **wait!** It's **GONE!!**

Do you wish
to report
a **UFO?**

**MANY SNAKES
ARE LONGER
THAN OTHERS!**



Are you **crazy??** You
want people to think
we're **nuts?!** Just put
down that we saw a
bright light caused by
a **reflection** off a **car
bumper** in **St. Louis!!**



Barney, what's all that **noise?**...Is this another
stunt they taught you to pull on **Sesame Street?**

Out here
Mama.

Barney, it's 4 AM. What are you doing out there?
The **Good Humor man** can't be coming already!

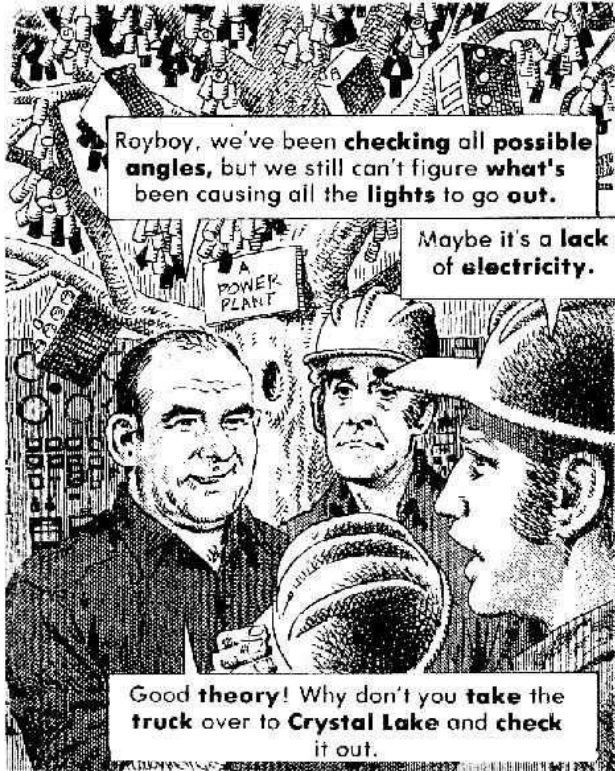


Let's go
train. You
can **make**
it!

Royboy, the kids and
I are **glad** you moved
your **railroad** into the
TV room so we could
all be **together**, but it
takes up so much
space.

Runny, how
can you say
that? There's
plenty of
room in here.

Daddy, the **power
plant's** on
the phone. They
want you to get
over there **im-
mediately!**
There's a **black-
out** in town!



Rayboy, we've been **checking** all possible **angles**, but we still can't figure **what's** been causing all the **lights** to go out.

Maybe it's a **lack** of **electricity**.

Good **theory**! Why don't you **take** the **truck** over to **Crystal Lake** and check it out.

Barey! Mommy is very **annoyed** at this joke. Come **back** here.



My first **big chance** to **prove** my **worth** to the company and I get **lost**! If I could only figure out **where** I am!...Great! Now I got a **Datsun** shining its **lights** at me. Come on **turkey**...pass me!



That's it! Pass me...Hey wait! **What's** going on?...**Everything's** being thrown around!...and my **battery's** dying...The **motor's** conking out...**Gad!** I haven't been this **frightened** since they pulled this **same stunt** in **The Exorcist**!!



Wait a minute!! **That's** no **Datsun**!! It's a...a...a...**UFO**!!



HOW ABOUT THOSE 1976 LICENSE PLATES? HOW'S YOUR COLLECTION COMING ALONG?

Barey, this isn't funny anymore. **Get back** here!



It's gone!! Boy, am I **glad** my **truck** **started** again so I could **get out** of that place. **Whatever** that was, I want **no part** of it...I...oh no! There's a **kid** in the **road**. I'd better **swerve**!



Barey!

Is he alright, Miss? I'm sorry I got in **his way** like that.

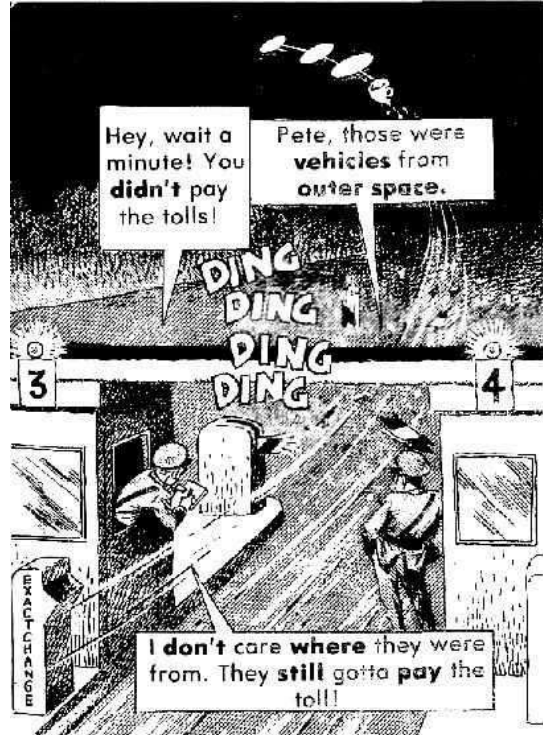
Oh, don't be. I've been trying to **catch** the little **bugger** all night—he's fine.

I didn't see him until... **This is nuts!! More UFO's!!**

Are you sure they **aren't** just **iridescent frisbees** like the **army** keeps telling us.

MY FAVOURITE WRITER ON THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR IS OUT ON SICK LEAVE!

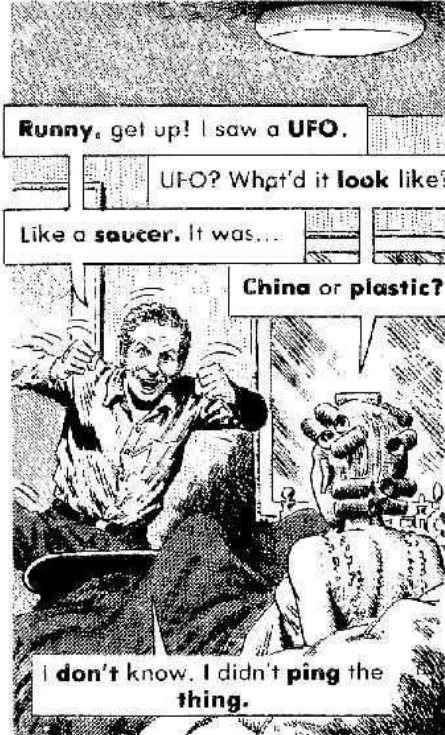




Hey, wait a minute! You didn't pay the tolls!

Pete, those were vehicles from outer space.

I don't care where they were from. They still gotta pay the toll!



Runny, get up! I saw a UFO.

UFO? What'd it look like?

Like a saucer. It was...

China or plastic?

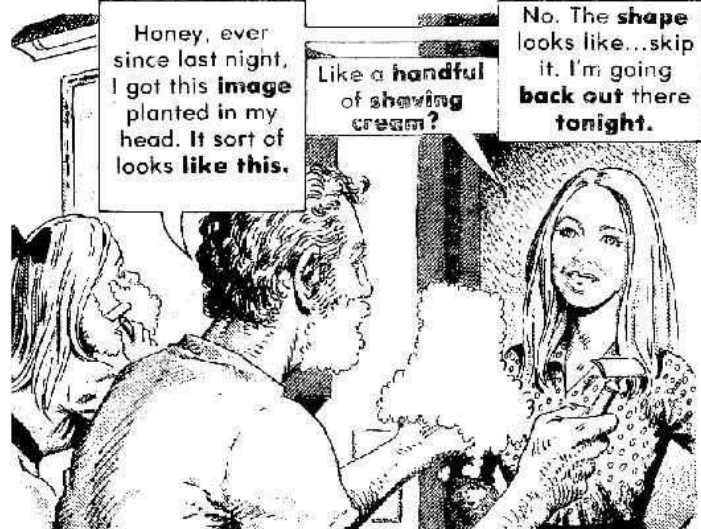
I don't know. I didn't ping the thing.



Daddy, why are you sunburned on one side of your face?

Sunburned?...Why I am!!

What'd the saucer do?—spritz you with Coppertone?



Honey, ever since last night, I got this image planted in my head. It sort of looks like this.

Like a handful of shaving cream?

No. The shape looks like...skip it. I'm going back out there tonight.

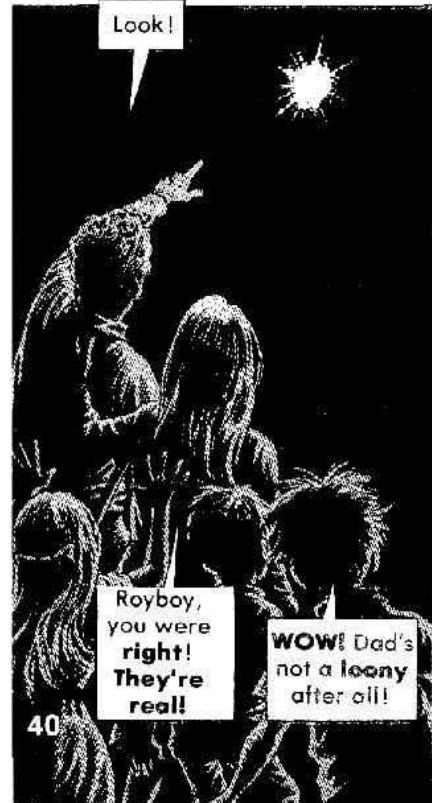


Well, hi there. I haven't seen you since...

...since YOU TRIED TO RUN MY KID DOWN.

Right. I see you came out tonight along with everyone else to look for UFO's.

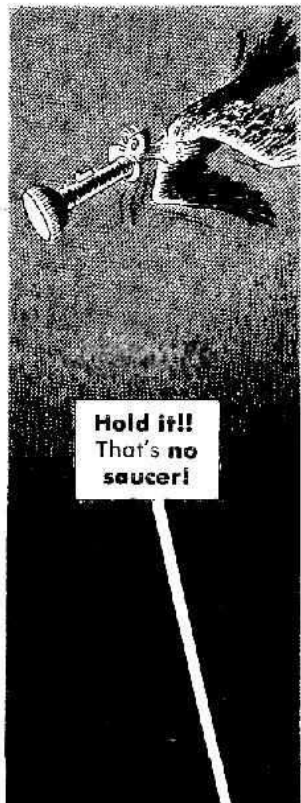
Well, Rhoda was a repeat and my knot tying class was cancelled, and so I brought Barey and...



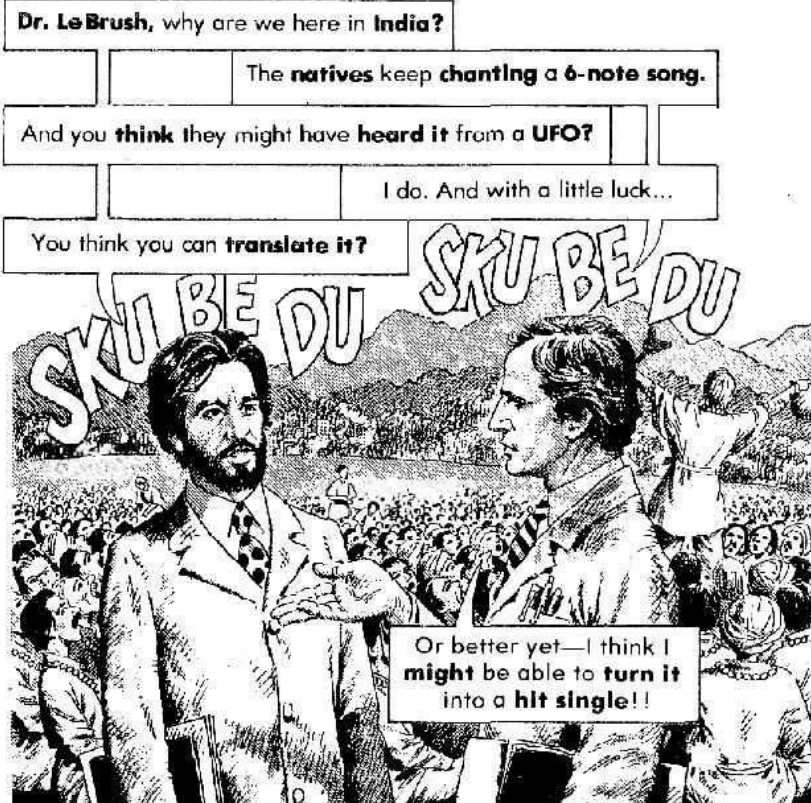
Look!

Royboy, you were right! They're real!

WOW! Dad's not a loony after all!



Hold it!! That's no saucer!



Dr. LeBrush, why are we here in India?

The natives keep chanting a 6-note song.

And you think they might have heard it from a UFO?

I do. And with a little luck...

You think you can translate it?

SKU BE DU SKU BE DU

Or better yet—I think I might be able to turn it into a hit single!!

We've been **trying** to **track down** these **UFO's** for years now and I believe this **6-note** song is their **way of communicating** with us.

But **what** does it **mean**, Dr.?

It **means** everytime we play it over this **radio** and **beam it** into **space** to make **contact**, we're gonna have to **pay** some alien **royalties!**

Dr., I know I'm only your assistant . . . a mere **co-star**, but those 6 notes are **co-ordinates**. The **space people** are trying to explain **where** they want us to **meet them** . . .

By golly, if his **hypothesis** is **correct**, by checking the **co-ordinates** on this **map**, we'll discover that they want us to **meet them** . . .

Yes?

...in the **lobby** of the **Fountain-bleu Hotel** in **Miami Beach!**

Barey, let's go inside...
The sky! It's turning all **black**---it's **THEM** again! Why won't they **leave me alone!**
They're **worse** than **in-surance** **salesman!**

The **lights**...they're every-where! Down the **fireplace**... through the **windows**---**Barey**, get **away** from that **door!**

No! No! No! You can't take **Barey!** Please, have **mercy!** I haven't even **finished** paying for those **shoes** he's wearing!

The reason we're **meeting** with you is because you all **claim** to have **seen UFO's**--- plus one of you **loony's** claim it **stole** your **baby**.

Sir, we're **not** loony's. We're people of the **highest intelligence** and I **saw** a **UFO!**

And I **saw** **Big Foot** once. Came right up and **shook** my **hand**.

And I **saw** a **gnome** who **looked** just like **Chester A. Arthur**.

Well, maybe not **all** of us are of the **highest intelligence**...

Royboy, what are you doing **now?**

That **shape**. I keep seeing that **shape** in my head. I gotta **figure out** what it is... It's **important**.

I'm **sure** it is, but do you have to try **molding** it out of the kid's **Fruit Loops**. They're gonna be **late** for **school**.

Honey I've got it.

Why are you **digging up** all of our **bushes** and **tossing** them, along with **mountains** of **dirt** into our **living room**?... **What** am I going to tell the **neighbors** you're doing?

Tell them we're **redecorating**. . . tell them it's an early **mud hut** **motiff**.

That's it. I'm **taking** the **kids** **away** from here. You're **daffy!**

AND NOW FOR THE VERY EXCITING THIRD HALF OF THE STORY

I've lost my job...my wife's left me...but that's what I've been seeing. Now if I can only figure out what it is.

...the Devil's Tower in Wyoming which the army is evacuating because of escaping nerve gas.

What is it?

The Devil's Tower!...Jerk! Look at your TV...I'm telling you what that thing is in your living room.

Wha? My gosh! On the TV!! That's the thing in my living room?

Chinchillian, what are you doing here?...The Devil's Tower?...You had that vision too? We've got to get to the top!

But the army claims the area is full of nerve gas.

It's a hoax. See, I have this bird which would have died if there were any gas in the air. Take your mask off. You can breathe...Look!

But suppose the bird is immune to the gas?

EVACUATE AREA
DEVIL'S TOWER
CLOSED!!

Then I'm in big trouble.

Since all the main roads are blocked, we're gonna have to take some detours.

I'll say.

How's the bird doing?

Fine.

I was right. No one here is wearing a mask... There's something funny going on! We've got to get to the top!

But they know we're in the area. They'll be looking for us.

Then we'll trick them.

Whoever is up there, please come down or we'll spray you with sleeping gas.

It's just a few more feet, Chinchillian.

No need to worry. They'll never spot us in these disguises.

A huge landing field. I wonder what it's for?

I know. Look up in the sky.

Not them again!

As they get closer, I want you to play the six notes on this organ. It will light up a color on the board behind us allowing our people to communicate with theirs.

Sir—a saucer at 4 o'clock.

AND NOW, THE LAST, AND FINAL CONCLUSION

Excellent! Play a **Major 5th**... Now play a **B flat minor**...

The **mother-ship** has landed and **look!** Emerging from the **hatch** are all the **pilots** from those **WWII planes** we found—
WELCOME HOME GENTLEMEN!!

Did we win?

This is **Incredible!**

Where did **you** come from?

It doesn't matter. I heard you're allowing **20 people** to board that **space craft**. Please—let me go.

But why?

Now play **Melancholy Baby!!**

I **crave adventure**... I **love the unknown**... and I haven't had a **good vacation** in **five years!!**

Oh **Barey!** You're back. Mommy missed you!

Mama!

Oh, you little devil. You **stole** some **soap** from the **washroom**.

Dr. LeBrush, the **head alien** is emerging to **speak** with you.

And so they leave, ending an **historic** day.

Please doctor... please tell us... what **message** did the **aliens** travel endless **light years** to convey to us?

He looked at me and I asked "What is the **secret of the universe?**"

And his response...?

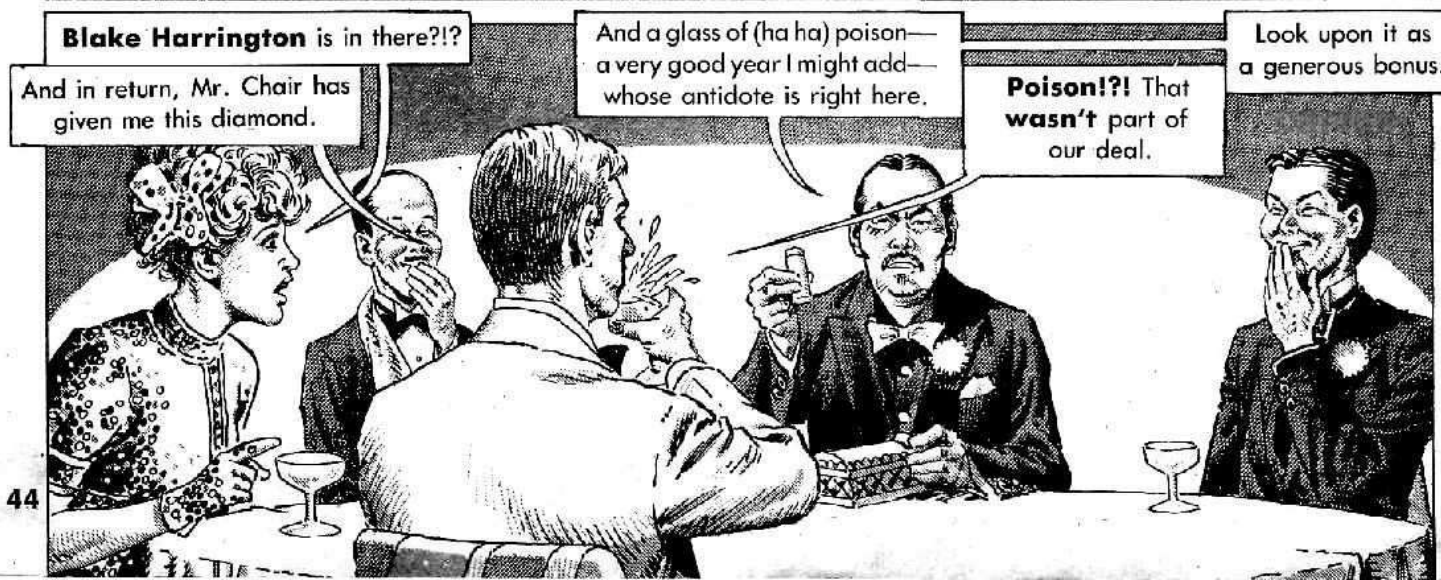
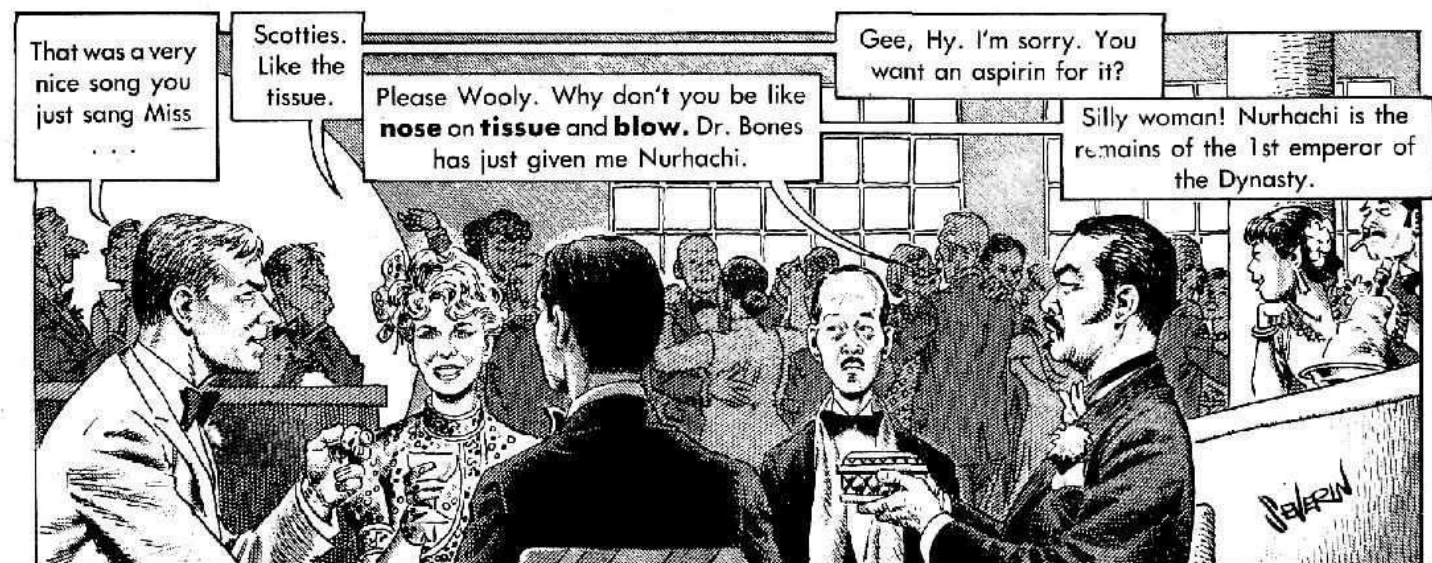
Two all-beef patties, special sauce, lettuce, cheese...

Good gravy! Even up **there!!!**

TH'END

There's a new movie out this summer whose ad line reads something like, "If it's adventure, then it can be only one man." But we think the ad should also say, "If it's summer and the movie is making a fortune, then it can only be because of two men—George Lucas and Steven Spielberg." Yup. In case you haven't guessed the film we're talking about is none other than

INDIANAPOLIS BONES and the TEMPLE OF GLOOM

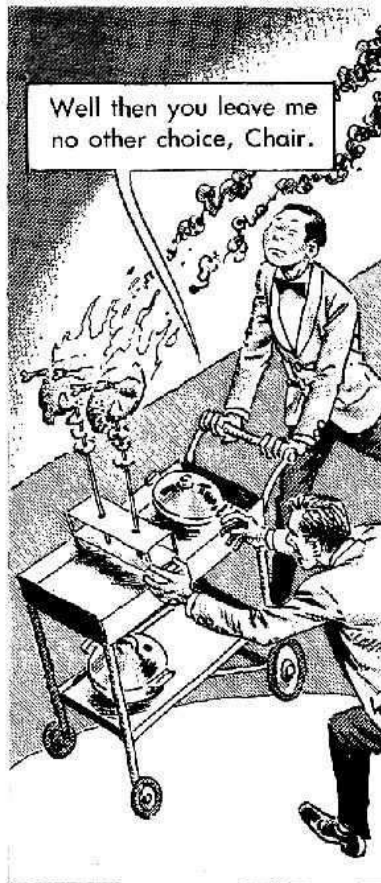




O.K., Hy. Hand me the antidote or the girl here gets it.

Be my guest. I never liked her singing anyway.

Nice guy, ain't he?



Well then you leave me no other choice, Chair.



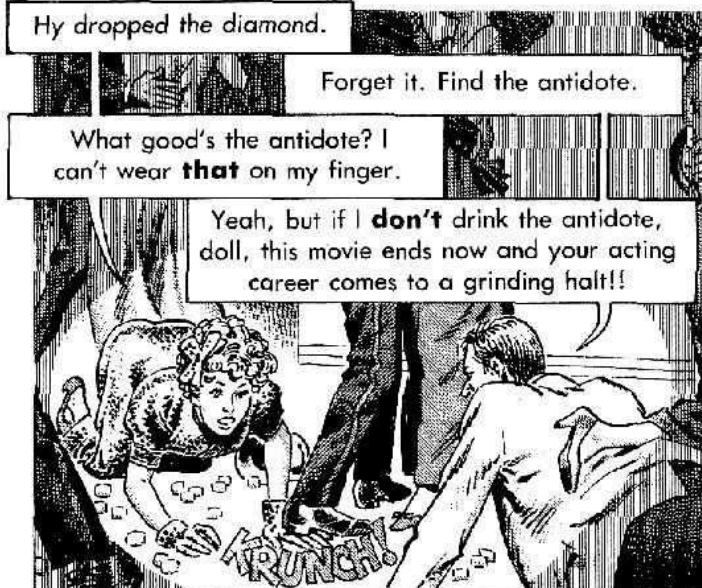
Here's your food!

FOOL! I ordered the ribs! He ordered the chicken!

THUNK!

THUNK!

CRACKED IS talking very loud because you want your argument to be sound.



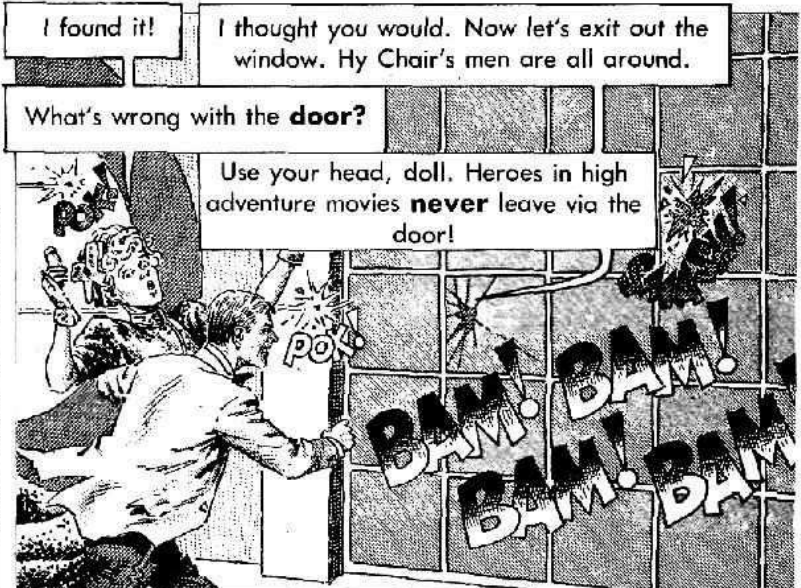
Hy dropped the diamond.

Forget it. Find the antidote.

What good's the antidote? I can't wear **that** on my finger.

Yeah, but if I **don't** drink the antidote, doll, this movie ends now and your acting career comes to a grinding halt!!

KRUNCH!



I found it!

I thought you would. Now let's exit out the window. Hy Chair's men are all around.

What's wrong with the **door**?

Use your head, doll. Heroes in high adventure movies **never** leave via the door!

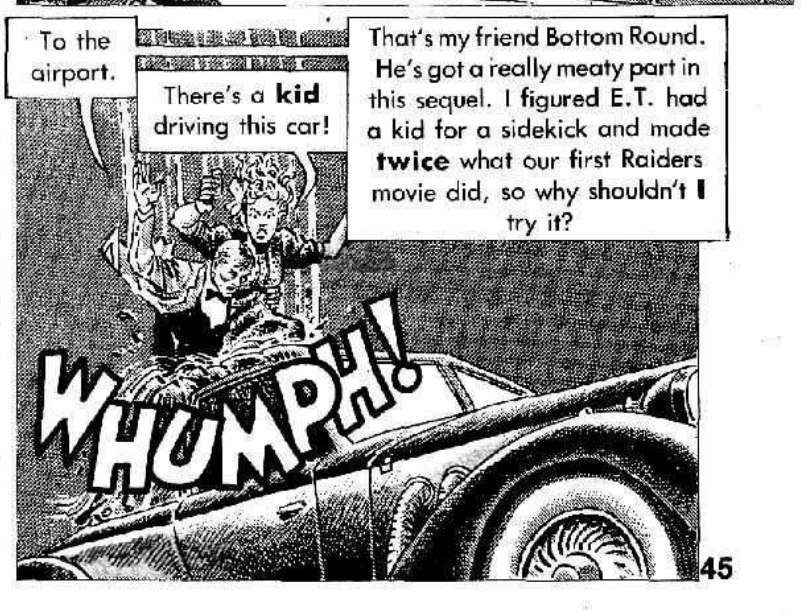
BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!



AHHHHH!

Oh what a beautiful awning. Oh what . . .

RRRIIP!



To the airport.

There's a **kid** driving this car!

That's my friend Bottom Round. He's got a really meaty part in this sequel. I figured E.T. had a kid for a sidekick and made **twice** what our first Raiders movie did, so why shouldn't I try it?

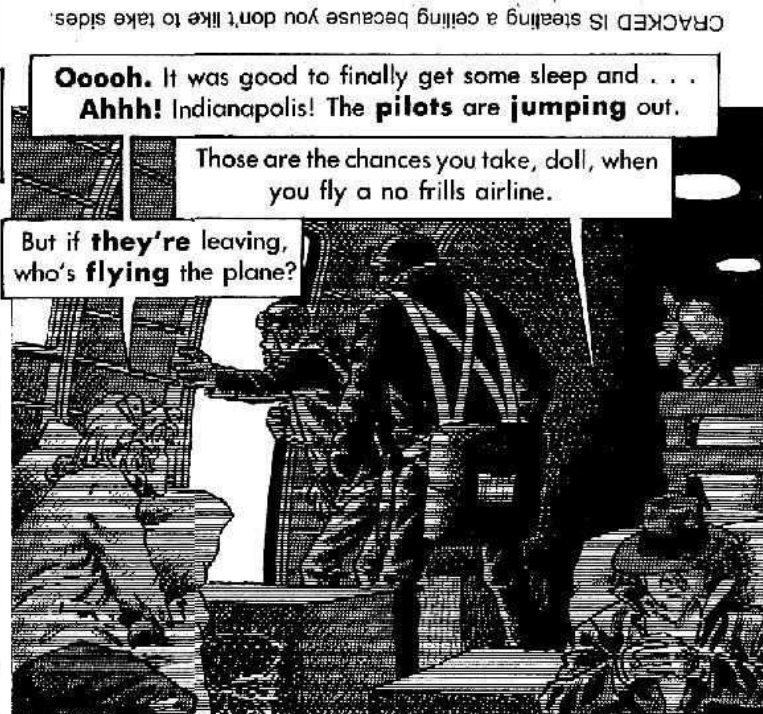
WHUMPH!



Onto the plane. We'll be safe now.

That's where **he** thinks. That plane they're getting on belongs to me and it promises to be their **worst flight ever**.

I **know**. I've **tasted** the food your airline serves.



Ooooh. It was good to finally get some sleep and . . .
Ahhh! Indianapolis! The **pilots** are **jumping** out.

Those are the chances you take, doll, when you fly a no frills airline.

But if **they're** leaving, who's **flying** the plane?

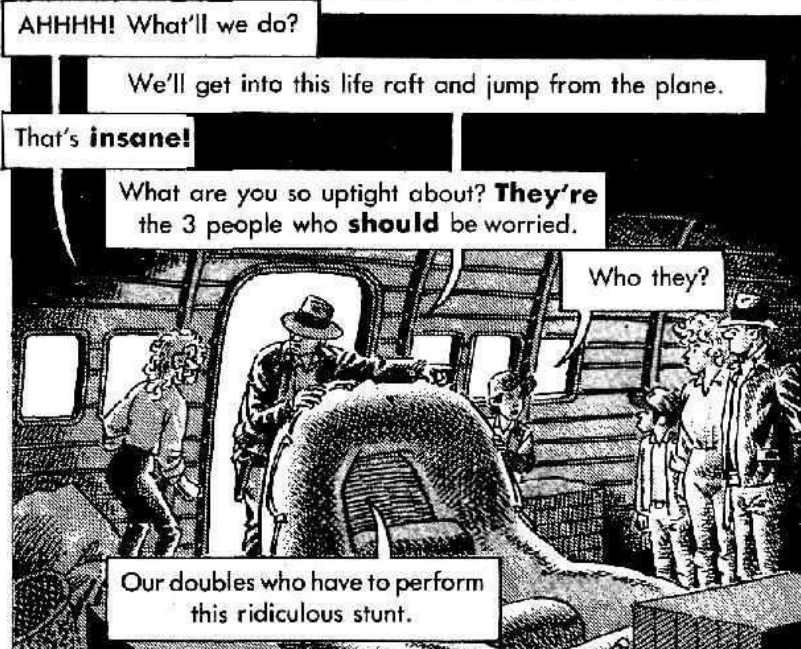


Oh my gosh!

Will you **stop** screaming. It's no big deal.

Dr. Bones! The planes engines are **stopping**.

Really? Now **that's** a big deal.



AHHHH! What'll we do?

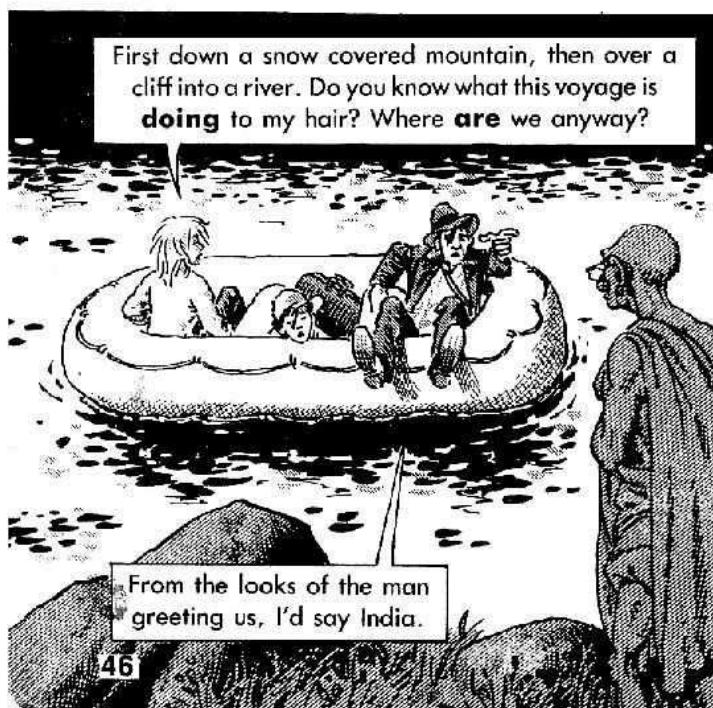
We'll get into this life raft and jump from the plane.

That's **insane!**

What are you so uptight about? **They're** the 3 people who **should** be worried.

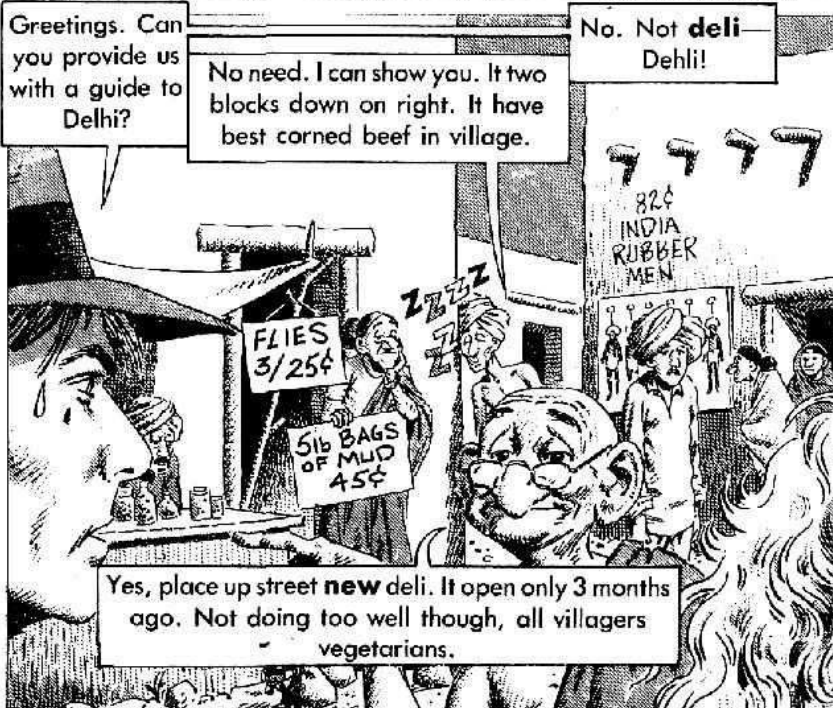
Who they?

Our doubles who have to perform this ridiculous stunt.



First down a snow covered mountain, then over a cliff into a river. Do you know what this voyage is **doing** to my hair? Where **are** we anyway?

From the looks of the man greeting us, I'd say India.



Greetings. Can you provide us with a guide to Delhi?

No need. I can show you. It two blocks down on right. It have best corned beef in village.

No. Not **deli**—Dehli!

FLIES 3/25¢

5lb BAGS OF MUD 45¢

82¢ INDIA RUBBER MEN

Yes, place up street **new deli**. It open only 3 months ago. Not doing too well though, all villagers vegetarians.

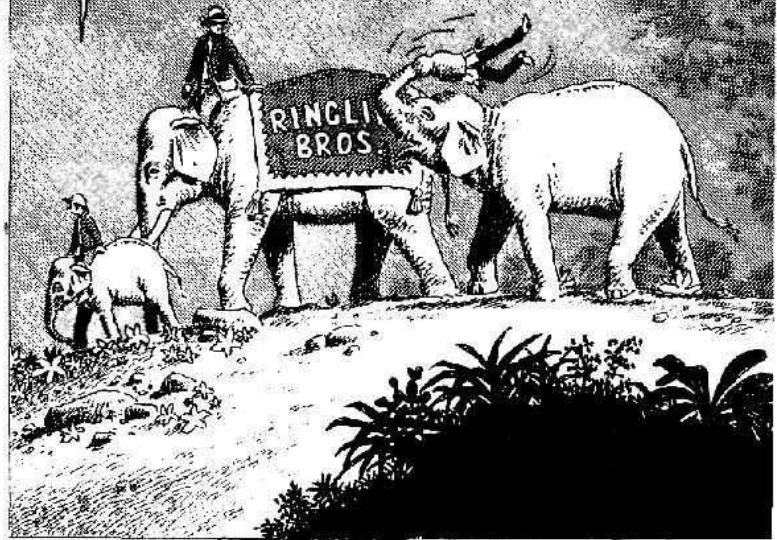
Excuse my friend, but his brain is how you say—**out to lunch!** I will provide you with a guide, but you must stop first in Pancake and do me one small favor.

What's that?

Battle 6,000 crazed people who stole my village's sacred stone and imprisoned all of our children. You must **free** the children, rescue the stone and perhaps, if you have time, pick up my suit at the dry cleaners.

This neat, Dr. Bones. Going to the Temple of Gloom via elephant.

Yeah. It looks as if even Wooly is enjoying it.



Welcome to the Temple of Gloom, Dr. Bones. I am your host Knotta Loud and this great banquet featuring some of our chef's **best** dishes has been prepared just for the three of you.

Hmmm. Thank you. Monkey Claws Parmesan. My favorite.

And sauteed camel humps!

And . . . **yuk!** I've got a soup filled with **noses** and **ears**.

Well, the critics were right. They **did** say that this film would be one of the **top grossers** of all time!



Ugh. Dinner was **awful**.

Yeah. I thought it was pretty tacky myself serving the elephant ear soufflé on **paper plates**.

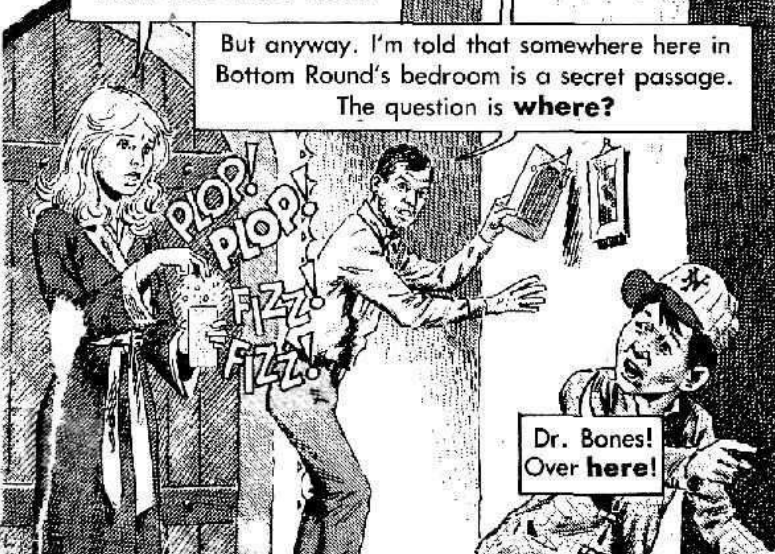
That's **not** what I meant.

But anyway, I'm told that somewhere here in Bottom Round's bedroom is a secret passage. The question is **where?**

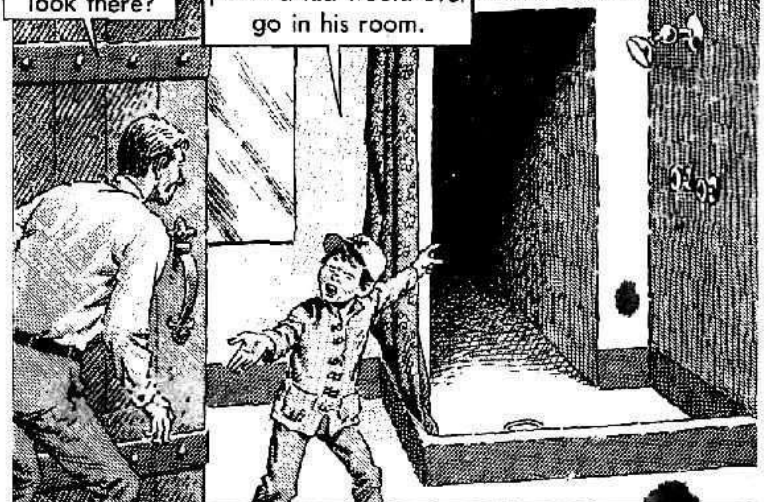
Yes. That's **it!** What made you look there?

Easy. It's the **last** place a kid would ever go in his room.

O.K. You keep guard Wooly.



Dr. Bones! Over **here!**



Ugh! This place gives me the creeps. You ever see so many cockroaches at one time?

Yeah. In an apartment I once rented in New York.

I wonder what this lever over here is . . .

Nice work Bottom Round! You caused the walls to start closing in on us. **Wooly!! Help us!!** There's gotta be a switch to stop this!!

How can you be so sure?

It's the same way we stopped the walls from crunching us in the trash compactor in Star Wars. I **know** how George Lucas's mind works!

You saved us Wooly, but **now** what's going on?

It's the Gully Ceremony and **there** are the 3 stones we're after.

What's the guy with the red dye on his head doing?

Grossing the audience out again. He just **ripped** that man's heart out.

That reminds me. I have to send something to my girlfriend for **Valentine's Day**.

Quick! The ceremony is over. Let's get out of here.

Not without the **stones**.

Forget the stones. I'll **buy** you their new **album** when we get home.

No, doll. The **sacred** stones!

Stones? They look like potatoes.

Not so fast. I believe we have you now Dr. Bones. Drink this.

Looks terrific. Any chance of getting a diet 7-Up instead?

Sorry. As for you Bottom Round, you will be placed in our child labor camp. And you Miss Scotties, let's just say we're going to help you work on your tan.

Really! How?

By lowering you into this flaming lava pit.

WHAT!! Indy, do something!!

I'm afraid he can't. He's now in a trance.

Oh. I thought that was just his usual blank expression. Sorry.

Ugh! This work camp is even worse than the sleepaway I went to last summer. And I thought **that** place was a hole. I've got to free myself and save Dr. Bones.

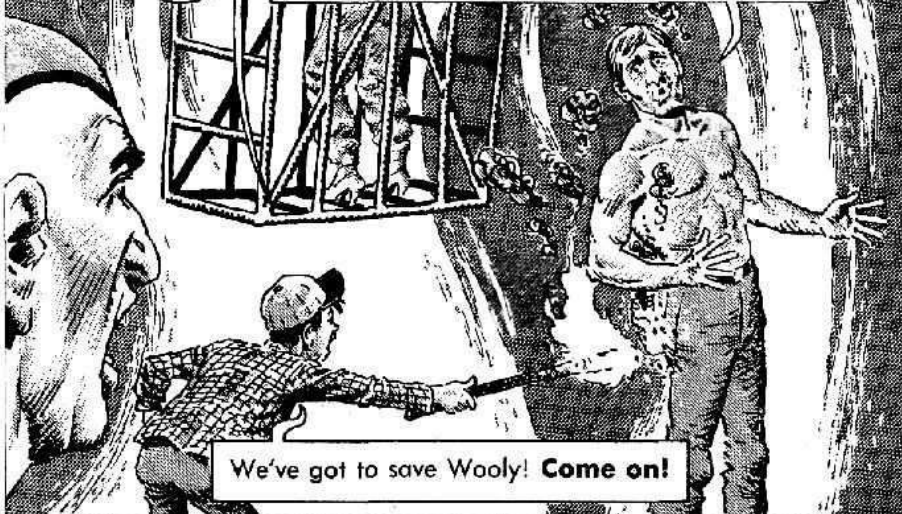


Lower her!

AHHHH!!
AHHHH!!

Dr. Bones! Snap out of your **trancel**!

Ahh! That was a torch you burned me with kid. A simple **nudge** would have **done** it.



We've got to save Wooly! **Come on!**

Nice fighting, kid...
A little unbelievable,
but nice.

I didn't watch all those Bruce Lee
movies for nothing.



Oh, Indy. You
saved me!

No time to kiss lady. We have to free
all the children and get out of here
before the final credits come on.



This kid doesn't know
how to have **any** fun.

O.K., the kids
are free. Now to
escape via this
coal car.

Indy!
They're
coming
after us.

What'd you expect them
to do—say "thanks for
beating us up" and wave
bon voyage!

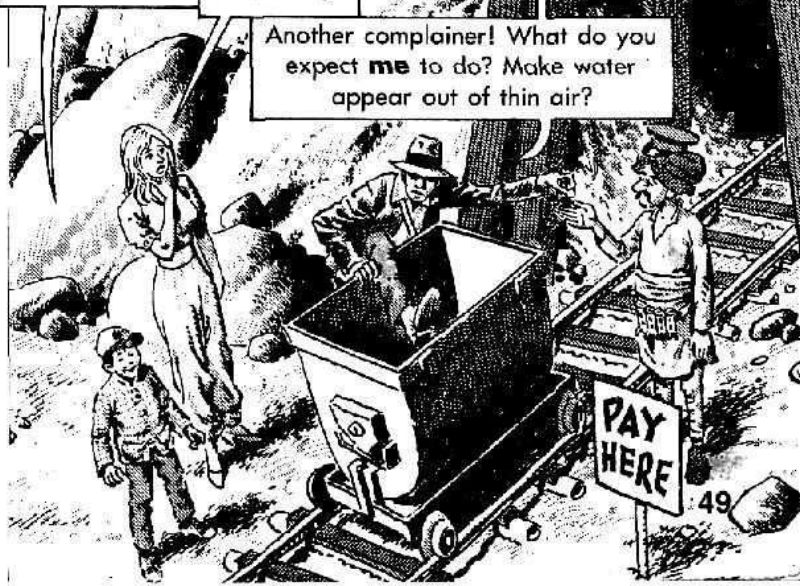


That was fun.
Now what ride
you wanna go
on?

Kid this is the Temple of Gloom! Not
Disneyland! We've gotta keep moving.

I'm thirsty.

Another complainer! What do you
expect **me** to do? Make water
appear out of thin air?



PAY
HERE



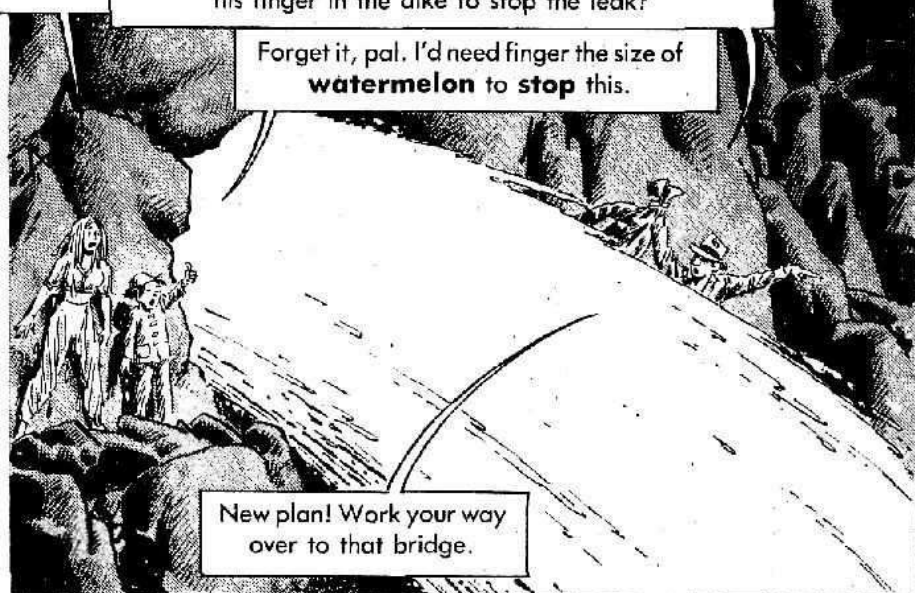
Look!

All I wanted was **one** glass!

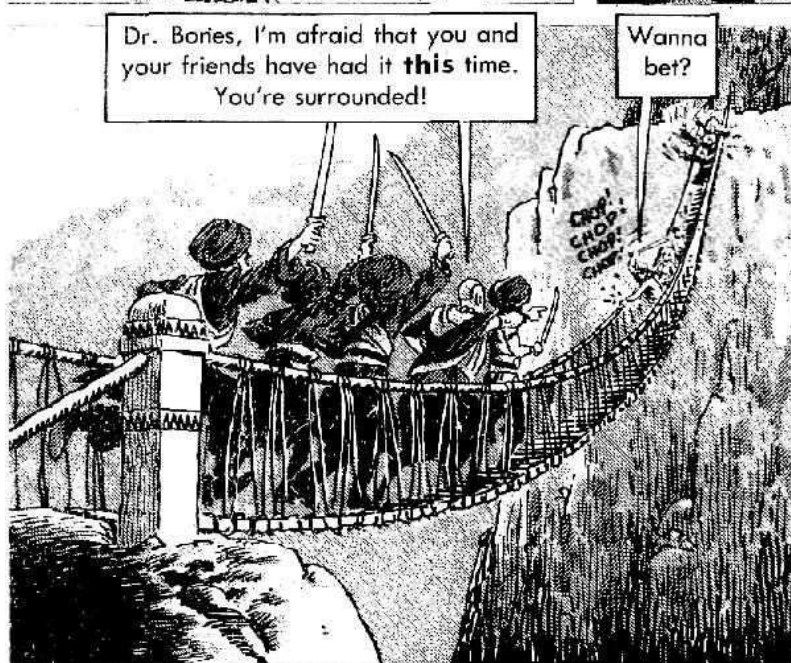
Now what?

Remember that legend about the little Dutch boy who put his finger in the dike to stop the leak?

Forget it, pal. I'd need finger the size of **watermelon** to stop this.



New plan! Work your way over to that bridge.



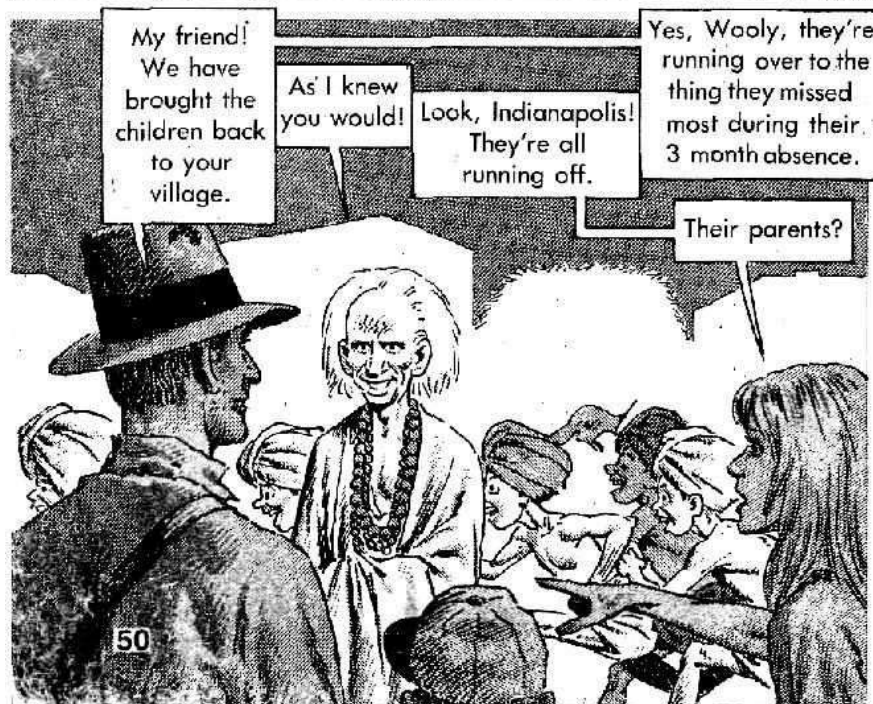
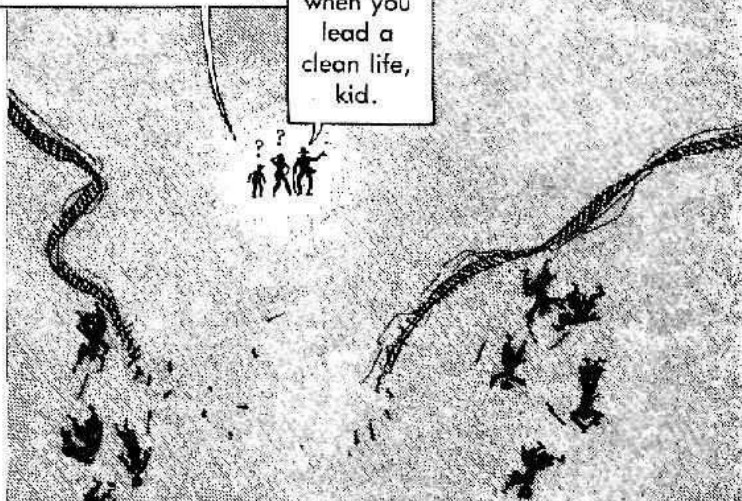
Dr. Botes, I'm afraid that you and your friends have had it **this** time. You're surrounded!

Wanna bet?

Incredible! Everyone but **us** fell into the mouths of the waiting gators below.

That's what happens when you lead a clean life, kid.

And being the **stars** of this movie doesn't hurt either.



My friend! We have brought the children back to your village.

As I knew you would!

Look, Indianapolis! They're all running off.

Yes, Wooly, they're running over to the thing they missed most during their 3 month absence.

Their parents?

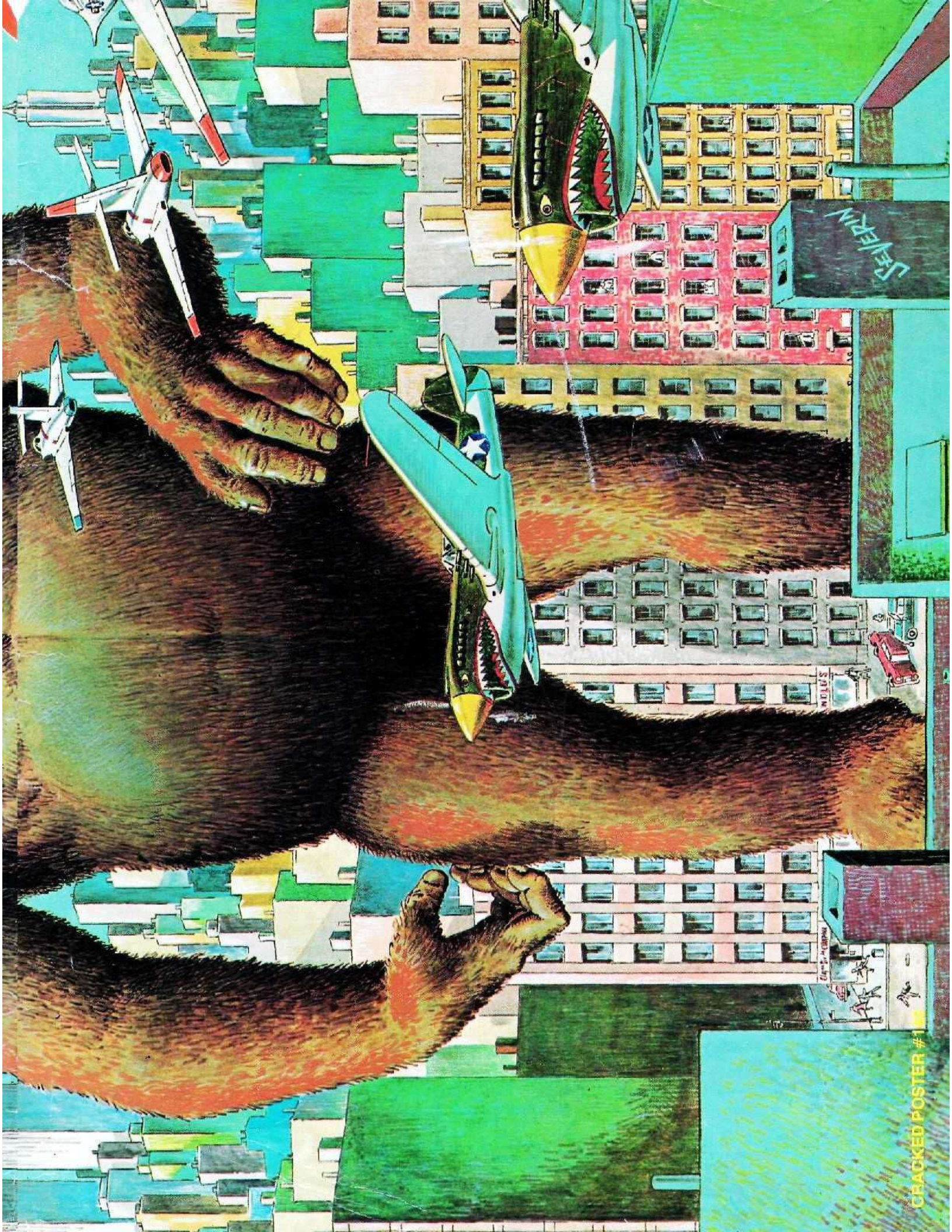


No. Their newsstand so they can get copies of the new **CRACKED!**

Magazines

Well, all the rest of this movie was unbelievable, why should the ending be any different?

THE END



LANDING ON MARS

